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TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Rev. Anna Shaw is not as orthodox and puritanic as she used to be when she was pastor of a Methodist Church down on Cape Cod some years ago. Lately she was asked to speak at a temperance convention in Boston on the question of opening the World's Fair on Sunday. The little lady has a mind of her own, and promptly replied: "You had better not call on me, for I don't believe in playing into the devil's hand by making Sunday a dull day. I am in favor of opening the Fair on the people's chief holiday."

It is said at Paris that the late Lord Lytton was a devoted Spiritualist; that he believed he had communications with Joan of Arc, Balzac and Napoleon, and that he complained that he was always baffled in trying to have access to the spirit of his father. One thing, at least, should be remembered to the credit of the late Lord Lytton; it is that a principal cause of his unpopularity among the English in India was that he would treat the native people too much like men, instead of like beasts. He had a heart sensitive to humanity outside of the dominant race,—a fault that, as Rudyard Kipling has shown, is not at all common in official circles there.

According to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, a physician just returned from Germany believes that the emperor has not long to reign, and that before the lapse of a great length of time his insanity will be a matter about which there can be no dispute. "I have," he says, "seen him several times of late in his own country and in his every action he seemed restless lest people should not feel to the full that he is the mighty ruler of a great nation. He is eternally posing. At one time the two forefingers of the right hand fly to his forehead in answer to the salute of some citizen. The next moment the hand springs to the hilt of his sword as if he longed to unsheath it and throw away the scabbard."

Home rule with a vengeance! Supporters of the rival candidate of the Parnell and McCarthy candidates for the seat in Parliament, made vacant by the death of Richard Powers, fought viciously at Waterford, last Sunday. Volleys of stones were hurled through the air, formidable black thorn shellalabs were in common use, injuring many of the howling rioters. Six hundred policemen had been drafted into the town, in the belief that the presence of such a force would secure order, but for a long time the indiscriminate blows of the police fell on the heads and backs of the excited Irishmen, with but little effect in restoring order. Michael Davitt was cut on the forehead. The Parnellites began the row. The feeling between the two factions is intensely bitter. Irishmen seem to be Ireland's worst foes.

Sir Edwin Arnold was asked by a New York acquaintance the other day if missionaries of the Christian religion were making much impression on the Buddhists of India. He replied with a laugh that they were making about as much impression as if any one should attempt to perfume the ocean by pouring

cologne water into it. He added that while his comparison might be considered laughable, it was a serious reflection of the situation because there are 280,000,000 people in India, and each Buddhist among them has an idea that no one can bring him any better religion than he already possesses. Their attitude in this respect reminded Sir Edwin of the two soldiers who were walking along, when one remarked to the other: "You are out of step, Jack." Said the offender: "Oh, I am, am I? Well, just change your'n."

The rural conference which opened in London on the 10th inst. exhibited greater hostility to the clergy and to the land-owners than was ever shown before in England by an assemblage of representative men. Dispatches say: Delegates lauding themselves as persistent parson-fighters and denouncing squire tyranny were cheered to the echo, and their scornful allusions to the patronizing airs of the clergy toward rural inhabitants were keenly relished. An occasional delegate feebly admitted that he had met a liberal landlord or an open-minded cleric, but the entire sympathy of the conference was reserved for the motto, "Down with the church and the landlord." The speakers and the bulk of the delegates were fluent and forcible in speeches, obviously not Hodge in the rough, but rather Hodge trained to spout in dissenting conventicles. If the sentiment and spirit of the meeting fairly represent the agricultural element of Great Britain, the country would seem to be on the eve of a social and political revolution.

The great mass of religious teachers in France, the Catholic clergy, are enemies of the republic and do all they can to undermine it. In the French Senate last week M. Dede described the bishops as attacking the laws of the republic and working to establish the temporal power of the papacy, and the priests as evading every obligation of the concordat. M. Gobelet advised the government to pave the way for the separation of church and state by legislation, giving further control of public worship. M. Fallieres, Minister of Justice and Public Worship, replied that the government favored a policy of conciliation. The provisions of the concordat were amply sufficient to recall the clergy to a sense of the respect they owe the constitution. Premier de Freycinet said that the attitude of certain bishops was truly unsupportable. The government would never allow it to be said that prelates were not under the authority of the executive in temporal matters. The bishops were subject to and must obey the laws of the state. If the separation of church and state should become necessary, it would be the fault of the clergy themselves. By a vote of 570 to 211 the Senate adopted an order of the day pledging the government to avail itself of its rights to compel the clergy to respect the republic and submit to the laws.

Dr. Charles W. Hidden, of Newburyport, Mass., gave a lecture recently in that city on "Spiritualism, True and False," in which, according to the *Boston Globe's* report, the lecturer maintained that the teachings of Spiritualism had been perverted and distorted that trickery and deceit might flourish, and he added that the most unblushing deceivers had attached themselves to the cause for the purposes of gain. It is

not the fault of Spiritualism, he said, that such a condition of things exists; the fault rests with the Spiritualists, who shelter the fraud and trickster. The dark circle and séance room offer opportunities for the perpetration of fraud not lost sight of by those who are willing to sacrifice honor to gain, and it is plain that the methods falsely proclaimed to be necessary for the production of phenomena have served as the open door through which knavery has crept. We have a right to know whether the medium is under control or shamming; whether the "spirits" of the séance room are really visitors from another world, or the paid flesh and blood hirelings of this. Spiritualists are beginning to be exacting about the moral status of mediums, said the speaker. They are beginning to demand that mediums be of good repute—not angels or gods exactly, but men and women clean enough to be handled without gloves. He held true phenomena to be necessary to the welfare of Spiritualism. The mission of phenomena is to guide, to point the way, to teach. They serve to attract attention, are the banner on the outer wall, the kindergarten of Spiritualism. True Spiritualism teaches the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; to be good and to do good; to defend that which is just and to condemn that which is unjust; to become broadly tolerant, and to so live that the world will be made better by our presence in it. Dr. Hidden's words, as reported, are sensible and timely.

The recent earthquake in Japan, was the most destructive of the present century, if not of modern times. The catastrophe differs from all others of the like nature, in that water cut no figure as a destructive agent, and that the wholesale destruction of life and property was the work of earth waves, followed by fire. At Lisbon there was a water wave, which overthrew buildings, and of which the undertow carried people to drown in the waters of the bay; this was followed by another precisely similar water wave, which swept away those who had come out of their houses to see what was happening. At Simoda, again, it was a water wave which wrecked the Russian frigate *Diana*, and washed the people of the shore into the sea. It was the same water wave which did the mischief at Arica, in South America, in 1868. Again at the Krakatoa earthquake in 1883, it was a tidal wave which annihilated Anjier, and the seacoast towns of Java and Sumatra. No water wave nor tidal wave accompanied the recent earthquake in Japan. At about 6:45 o'clock in the morning of the 28th, after a number of preliminary warnings in the shape of rumblings, the earth began to shake over an area roughly estimated at a thousand square miles. An earth wave, with the usual rotary motion, swept over this area and caused the fall of a number of buildings, whose ruins almost immediately took fire. Among the inmates of the buildings a number were crushed by the falling roofs and walls, and many pinned under the wreck were burned to death. The shocks continued for five days, not all with equal violence, but still severe enough to destroy buildings which had been shaken by the first temblor; in some places as many as 600 consecutive shocks at intervals of a minute or two were counted. But the chief destruction of life was due to the subsidence of the earth and the opening of wide crevices in its surface.

PSYCHICAL SCIENCE.

Phenomena which have hitherto been ignored by men of science are now being proven by those processes of observation and experiment which have yielded such brilliant results in the domain of physics. Among these phenomena is mind-reading. There are those who still doubt and even deny the possibility of direct communication between two minds, except by signs of sense and the ordinary channels of consciousness. They refer to the trickery and deception which have been practiced by charlatans before audiences, the methods they have employed, and the exposures of these performances. But persons who to-day deny the facts of telepathy are compelled to put their negative opinions not against tricksters merely, but in opposition to the testimony of thousands, including men who have conducted careful experiments through weeks, months and even years.

Professor Oliver J. Lodge, of England, the president of the Physical Section of the British Association, at Cardiff, in an able address given recently, said: "Is it possible that an idea can be transferred from one person to another by a process such as we have not yet grown accustomed to and know nothing practically about. In this case I have evidence. I assert that I have seen it done, and am perfectly convinced of the fact. Many others are satisfied of the truth of it, too. Why must we speak of it with bated breath, as of a thing of which we are ashamed? But the whole region is unexplored territory, and it is conceivable that matter may react on mind in a way we can at present only dimly imagine. In fact, the barrier between the two may gradually melt away, as so many other barriers have done, and we may end in a wider perception of the unity of nature, such as philosophers have already dreamt of. I care not what the end may be. I do care that the inquiry shall be conducted by us, and that we shall be free from the disgrace of jogging along accustomed roads, leaving to outsiders the work and the gratification of unfolding a new region to unwilling eyes."

There is in some circles, including those in which well-known physicists are prominent, a secret and indeed often an avowed hostility to the investigations conducted by the Society for Psychical Research. Some think, doubtless, that the reported psychical phenomena, if established, will upset the orthodox scheme of physics, or, at least, expose the falsity of certain assumptions made by physicists in ignorance of the human mind. Many men of ability, many who have made useful contributions to the fund of human knowledge, having become intellectually rigid, are unable to assimilate newly-discovered or newly-established truths and to adjust their minds to new conceptions in conflict, or apparently in conflict, with their long-cherished convictions. Knowledge of this fact once induced Huxley to make the rather savage remark that every man of science, as soon as he reaches the age of fifty years, ought to be killed. His own valuable work after passing the half-century milestone is sufficient to show the unwisdom of carrying out his suggestion, which, however, conveys all it was intended to indicate—an important truth as to the hampering and hindering influence of teachers who have lost all mental flexibility and become in consequence the opponents of advancing beyond the point at which they became fossilized.

Thousands among Spiritualists and others have known for years of the phenomenon of telepathy, having had it again and again demonstrated in their own personal experiences, but this kind of communication between mind and mind is not at the command of subjects at any time or under any conditions, and hence the difficulty of proving it to those who insisted that if communication independently of the known organs of sense was possible at any time it should be possible at all times. The systematic and sustained investigations of the Society for Psychical Research have brought the subject before scientific men generally in a way that will not permit any of them to ignore it much longer. To Spiritualists the questions involved

in these investigations of psychical phenomena are of deepest interest, and the investigation should receive cordial encouragement.

A PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCE.

Aksakof in his work "Animismus and Spiritismus" (Animism and Spiritism) relates an exceedingly interesting experience which is worth rendering into English for the readers of THE JOURNAL.

On October 29, 1873, on a Tuesday when I was in London at a séance with a professional medium, Mrs. Olive, he says, one of her controlling spirits, Hambo, who declared himself to be a certain negro from Jamaica, directed his speech to me and among other things said that he was fond of busying himself with the development of mediums. Noticing the smaragd ring which I wore upon my finger, he declared, he did not like the smaragd, for its emanations aroused no good feelings; but that it would not injure me because it was a reminder of a friend (which was correct); he added, that he and other spirits generally preferred the diamond as a symbol of purity. "Your wife," said he, "wears a diamond on the left ring-finger" (which was correct). "Do you see it?" I asked, "Yes," he answered, "she is an excellent medium (which was also true); a good lady; her left hand does not know what her right hand does." (Which likewise was a fact.)

He promised to try to visit us in St. Petersburg, in order to help in the development of the mediumistic powers of my wife; and we came to an agreement that his first visit should take place on the 5th Tuesday from the 17th of October, that is on the 20th of November at eight o'clock and that he should communicate by raps, as my wife did not speak in trance. I had chosen a Tuesday, for that was the day on which I was at that time in the habit of holding quite confidential séances with my wife. When I had returned to St. Petersburg we again resumed our séances; I said to no one anything about the promise of Hambo, and as the séance of November was approaching, I was of course previously possessed by the thought, whether or not it would be held, and to be sure my wishes would be gratified—I thought. But nothing of the kind happened. That the failure did not occur from any fault of my wife, the fact that the séance did not pass without result and we received a communication from the other side shows. Yet so operated the somnambulant consciousness and the opportunity was fully presented to read my thoughts and bring Mr. Hambo to speaking. However, it may be, the experiment did not succeed. I was not very much surprised at it, since I knew how very unreliable these controlling "spirits" are and I thought no more about it, as I had failed in my wish. I told no one anything about it. The following Tuesday we held our little séance as usual, this time with three, with Professor Butlerow. I extinguished the taper but the room was sufficiently lighted from the gas-light from the street.

The English alphabet was demanded, I repeated it and noted on paper the letters indicated by the striking of the foot of the table around which we sat, since I could not catch the meaning of the communication if I stopped and lit the taper to inform myself. My wife was already sleeping (in trance) and on the paper I found something was spelled out which would have to be deciphered thereafter.

I extinguished the taper again and continued calling out the alphabet; the meaning escaped me as just before, but when it was at an end, I again lighted the taper, and it happened that this time I noted the following almost without error:

"As I promised, but cannot yet take entirely control of her. HAMBO."

The letters were sometimes also indicated by raps on the table and the last word by violent movements of the table. My wife had remained the entire time in a trance and at the end of the communication came quietly to consciousness. Thereupon I devoted myself to deciphering the first sentence and with the supplying of some letters I received the following:

"I am here and was last time with you."

At the following séance we were also three together

and we expected Hambo to manifest; instead of this the Russian alphabet was asked for. After some sentences which referred to my wife's mediumship the alphabet was anew demanded.

I had extinguished the light, while I was calling out the Russian letters and noting them down without being able to see them. I remarked, there stands "nitor" "yur," that is probably the English word "which" and I must call out the English alphabet. (Here it must be observed that the three letters given were Russian, which pronounced together, form the English word "which.") I began now to call out the English alphabet. The communication soon ceased. I lighted the taper and saw that that which I had been noting down in the dark formed two properly written English words—"your wife."

So that the first word which I had understood in the dark as "nitsch" was the English word "your" and this word was spelled out as I called out the English alphabet, therefor that person (or intelligence) who was dictating it had made use of the form of the letters which were mirrored in my thoughts as I called out the letters in order to form an English word in this way. That communications in a foreign language have been formed in Russian letters according to their similarity in sound to the foreign letters, if the Russian alphabet is spoken, is a circumstance which has already often occurred in my experience, therefore I have held the Russian "yur" for the English "which," but that the form of Russian letters which answer to the form of certain foreign letters should be used I experienced here for the first and last time and have never met a similar case in the annals of Spiritism. He further observes that if the equivalent word for "your" in Russian were required it was simply "nop" and this proves that no action or interaction of any consciousness of himself or medium was operating to produce this strange phenomenon.

WHAT IS ELECTRICITY?

Mr. Crookes, F. R. S., in the chair at the annual dinner of the Institution of Electrical Engineers, London, said in substance.

"Substantialists" told them electricity was a kind of matter. Others viewed it, not as matter, but as a form of energy. Others, again, rejected both these views. High authorities could not even yet agree whether we had one electricity or two opposite electricities. The only way to tackle the difficulty was to persevere in experiment and observation. The light which the study of electricity threw upon a variety of chemical phenomena could not be overlooked. The facts of electrolysis were by no means either completely detected or coordinated. They pointed to the great probability that electricity was atomic, that an electrical atom was as definite a quantity as a chemical atom. It had been computed that in a single cubic foot of the ether which filled all space there were locked up 10,000 foot tons of energy which had hitherto escaped notice. To unlock this boundless store and subdue it to the service of man was a task which awaited the electrician of the future. The latest researches gave well-founded hopes that this vast storehouse of power was not hopelessly inaccessible. Up to the present time they had been acquainted with only a very narrow range of ethereal vibrations. But the researches of Lodge in England and Hertz in Germany gave an almost infinite range of ethereal vibrations or electrical rays from wavelengths of thousands of miles down to a few feet. Here was unfolded a new and astonishing universe—one which it was hard to conceive should be powerless to transmit and impart intelligence.

Another tempting field for research, scarcely yet attacked by pioneers, awaited exploration. He alluded to the mutual action of electricity and life. No sound man of science endorsed the assertion that "electricity is life"; nor could they even venture to speak of life as one of the varieties or manifestations of energy. Nevertheless, electricity had an important influence upon vital phenomena, and was in turn set in action by the living being—animal or vegetable. In the study of such facts and such relations the scientific electrician had before him an almost infinite

field of inquiry. The slower vibrations to which he had referred, revealed the bewildering possibility of telegraphy without wires, posts, cables, or any of our present costly appliances. It was vain to attempt to picture the marvels of the future. Progress, as Dean Swift observed, might be too fast for endurance. Sufficient for this generation were the wonders thereof.

BURNS AND IMMORTALITY.

The following taken from the *Agnostic Journal* (London) is from the pen of "Saladin," the talented editor of that ably-conducted paper:

It would have been as impossible for Burns to have been irreligious as it would have been impossible for him to have been religious, as that term is defined by flamens and accepted by Daimos the Unthinking. He denied not the existence of the oracle—indeed, the shrine thereof he felt to be in his own soul; but he, at least practically, denied that the creeds and confessions of faith contained any real spiritual echo of that oracle's voice. In the Black Russells and Daddy Aulds he found only wolves in sheep's clothing, or, rather, asses who mistook their own braying for the anthems of seraphim. To guard religion against ridicule he mercilessly ridiculed what passed for religion—a duty in which I strongly sympathize with him; as, for having done likewise, I have trodden the wine-press of wrath, have been robbed of substantial reward for unwearied labor, have been racked on the Procrustus bed of care and penury, and driven out from among men to eat husks with the swine. All this because I know the voice of the good shepherd, but will not listen to the voice of an alien. And the irreligion with which I have been charged is precisely the only kind of irreligion I can find in Robert Burns—the setting of an inestimable value on the pure gold of religious intuition, and the regarding with scorn the exoteric dross behind which the mass of mankind look not for the hidden glory. He knew the, by sense undemonstrable, truth of immortality; and Dugald Stewart has left on record the enthusiasm with which he quoted from Beattie's "Minstrel":

"Shall I be left forgotten in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury and pain?
No! Heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of Love's triumphant reign."

I believe in proof as regards theorems which are provable. But, as regards the higher arcana of existence, there are truths I know with such certainty that, were it possible to prove them, the proof might weaken my belief, but could not fortify it.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

The dean of St. Paul's, London, has an article in the December number of the *North American Review* in favor of corporal punishment. He thinks the disposition to make sacrifice for parents in after-life and to feel reverence and affection for them is greater where the treatment in youth has been severe. This ecclesiastic, who no doubt regards himself as a disciple of Christ, illustrates his views by the following statement: "I knew a woman whose widowed mother had brought her up in a manner that seemed to me most harsh and unjust. They were in very poor circumstances and at times the girl was sent out to gather sticks to light the fire; if the child brought too large a stick, the mother would beat her for having stolen it out of a hedge, without examining into the truth of what she asserted. I give this as a sample of the home discipline. Of all the affectionate children I ever knew that daughter was one of the most remarkable. Her wages were freely given to her mother; there was nothing that she would not do to help her; I believe she would willingly have laid down her life for her. It is only right to say that both mother and daughter were excellent Christians." The

dean of St. Paul's does not say anything about the intelligence of the girl who was so loving to the Christian mother who beat her "without examining into the truth of what she asserted!" She might have been an idiot. Even dogs come to lose their attachment to masters, however much they may fear them, when they are often victims of their masters' indiscriminating cruelty. The *Review* writer is able, of course, to quote freely from Deuteronomy and the Book of Proverbs in favor of the "rod" and "stripes" as a means of eradicating vice and implanting habits of virtue in children. Why does the *North American Review* inflict such articles as this upon its readers? There is enough moral savagery in the most enlightened countries to insure corporal punishment of children by beating and other methods without its advocacy by the dean of St. Paul's.

Leibnitz, the German philosopher, had many warm admirers but none whom he prized more highly than Sophia Charlotte, wife of Frederick, the first king of Prussia. She was really a remarkable woman. Her royal spouse had a passion for show and ceremony and indulged in it to his heart's content. She looked upon pomp and display with quiet contempt. Leibnitz, whether through gallantry and sincere admiration, expressed it as his opinion that she was one of the most accomplished princesses of earth. Many of her subjects agreed with him, for they recognized her intellectual worth. "The Great Leibnitz," as she affectionately called the scholar, was often puzzled by the knotty theological and philosophical problems which she brought to him for solution. Once she asked him to explain to her "the why of the way." She said and wrote many bright things. This, for instance, with regard to courtiers for whom she had no liking: "Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely—little as if I did not know enough of that!" When she was about to die she seemed to be in a happy frame of mind, and she explained it by saying that the king would have a chance to make a big display at her funeral, and that she would now be able to find out a great many things of which Leibnitz could tell her nothing. Her death was a source of great grief to the philosopher. Leibnitz himself died November 4, 1716.

We cannot part with our friends. We cannot let our angels go. We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in. We are idolators of the old. We do not believe in the richness of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence: We do not believe there is any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday. We linger in the ruins of the old tent, where once we had bread, and shelter, and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover and nerve us again. We cannot find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful. But we sit and weep in vain. The voice of the Almighty saith, "Up and onward, forevermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins. Neither will we rely on the new; and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards.—*Emerson.*

The charge of impiety is always brought against such as differ from the public faith, especially if they rise above it. Diodorus Siculus (lib. i., p. 75, ed. Rhodomon) relates an instructive case. A Roman soldier in Egypt accidentally killed a cat—killed a god, for the cat was a popular object of worship. The people rose upon him, and nothing could save him from a violent death at the hands of the mob. All religious persecutions, if it be allowed to compare the little with the great, may be reduced to this one denomination. The heretic, actually or by implication, killed a consecrated cat, and the orthodox would fain kill him. But, as the same thing is not sacred in all countries (for even asses have their worshippers), the cat-killer, though an abomination in Egypt, would be a saint in lands where dogs are worshipped.—*Theodore Parker.*

One of the hardest experiences the spiritual teacher has to bear is that of being misunderstood, not only by those for whom he is working, but also by those who claim to read from the spiritual standpoint.

Those who reason from the physical standpoint only cannot be expected to understand spiritual teachings, for spiritual things can only be discerned by the spiritual senses. One of the things which interferes most with the spiritual development of those engaged in spiritual reform work, and prevents their work from bringing forth its harvest of good is their fear that they are not getting credit for all they do and say; their thirst for praise or fame overshadows their desire for the good of mankind. But we are still in the infancy of our spiritual education. All the obstacles will be outgrown. Knowledge is power, and the universal panacea for evil.—*The World's Advance Thought.*

Horace Pelletier communicates to the *Messenger* some observations on apparatus for measuring magnetic or psychic force. He says that M. Dr. Baraduc lately read before the Académie des Sciences at Paris a paper on the apparatus of Fortin which consists of a closed glass case in which a vacuum has been produced, in which a magnetic needle suspended moves when it is influenced by the psychic force emitted by the sensitive object. Pelletier observes that for several years he has been experimenting with his sensitives in the use of a Heuly dial electrometer, consisting of a small wooden column to which is attached an ivory dial-plate divided into 180 degrees. In the centre of this dial-plate is fixed a whalebone needle at the end of which is attached a small elder-pith ball. The needle is shown to move according to the degree of electricity in the conductors on which it may be placed. The same thing happened when one of his sensitives put his hand near the needle of the electrometer placed on a table. The greater the degree of psychic force projected from the hand the greater the divergence of the needle. The same result, though not so striking, may be produced by a pocket compass.

The old church at West Roxbury, Mass., where Theodore Parker preached for eight years before beginning his larger work in Boston was, says the *Boston Investigator*, last winter partially destroyed by fire. A new church is to be built by the society, but it will have the old pulpit in it from which Parker dealt Christian superstitions such stalwart blows. It is also proposed to have a memorial window above the pulpit to remind future generations of the great man who once stood at that desk and of the great work he accomplished. The proposed memorial is an individual effort and a special fund will be required to meet its cost. Any person desirous of honoring the memory of Theodore Parker in this way can send his contribution to Henry Manley, West Roxbury, Mass.

The remark of Bishop Huntington, that the country to-day "is not so much in danger from tramps as it is from cautious, astute men who are worth a million or more, who never break a lock and who never steal less than \$50,000," would not be particularly significant, though it would be equally true, if it came from an obscure agitator or a noisy ranter. The Bishop is not obscure, and he is no ranter. His age, his learning, his judicial qualities, and his high character give just weight to his utterances. We congratulate him and his church on the courage which such a declaration evinces. The "dangerous classes" are not all in the slums. Rascals of high degree are more dangerous than those who make crime a profession.—*The Christian Leader.*

During the recent German printers' strike the authorities of Dresden and Munich, says *Liberty*, ordered soldier printers to work in the offices left by the strikers. Perhaps this new use of the army will arouse the workmen's opposition to militarism.

"They have an old gardener at the House of Industry in Boston Harbor," writes William P. Andrews in the *Forum*, "who has had himself committed to prison more than a hundred times. He says he 'knows when he is well off.'"



FAIR VIEWS OF THE SABBATH.—NO 2.

BY EDGEWORTH.

The Papacy quietly chuckles while the puritan cat pulls the chestnuts out of the embers for it. Our holy alliance of political women with prohibitionists of several stripes, to legislate morality—their morality—in breaking down constitutional barriers between the church and state powers, prepares the triumph by Catholic majorities, to which Sabbatical oppression gives powerful aid; the free and easy Catholic Sunday being general and notorious. In fact, this fact was a prominent reason why the heretic puritans reverted to Mosaic rigor in their mode of observing the Sabbath, and their distinction was equally sharp against Church of England laxities under the Charles kings.

These kings stood for despotism by the right divine of kingship; their puritan opponents stood for that factional despotism which passes for republican liberty. It is a sinister commentary on the evolution of such liberty, that while the first puritan Sabbatarians, as well as their Hebrew prototypes, associated its bondage to Yahvah with a political emancipation, the puritans of our day aim only at the restriction of personal liberties and the reestablishment of a despotic theocracy political and social. Calvin, whose authority is great among puritans in other matters, was most emphatic in repudiating the prohibitory features of the Sabbath, and maintaining personal discretion as to work or rest on Sunday. It is then only on the crudest ignorance of church history, that men like Shepard and Talmage can impose their slavish monopoly of every seventh day for benefit of clergy.

As for the Jews, who are indebted to Mr. Talmage for the information lacking in their Genesis, that Yahvah began on Monday, to create this mundane pancake with its stellar candles; they have never enshrouded their Sabbath in puritanic gloom, but combined with rest, social enjoyments. They have often suffered hell in this world, but not indulging in the luxuries of an ideal hell after death, they did not adapt, like the puritans, their Sabbath to its contemplation, and their commemorative ritual of worship has been popular enough to need no monopolist privilege. In the United States, escaped from persecution, they make the Sabbath musical and festive, a day of visits and good dinners.

As in Jesus' time, ritualistic or ceremonial observances had overlaid and crushed out the ethical principals of the Mosaic law; so now, the revival of prohibitory Sabbatarianism renders effete the ethics of primitive Christianity. Not to work on Sunday seems to be the sole idea of rectitude that the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian preachments have left to their church members in rural districts of the South, such as I know, and where there is not, as in the cities, a police force to eke out morality.

The Sabbath, as a church property, is no less disastrous economically; not so much by the interruption of needful works, as by the distraction to theological absurdies of that thought force which would otherwise employ a day of leisure in useful studies or social pleasures. It is thus that the churches keep our country folk ignorant and coarse, killing social progress in the germ by salvationist delusions.

I question one seeming illiberality in your fair preacher's sermon. Is it just to class the "beer gardens" of Chicago with "saloons and gambling dens?" It certainly would not be so for that popular German institution, such as I have seen it elsewhere, a quiet sphere of social meetings, family parties and harmless diversions.

Puritanic despotism speculates not merely on the superstitious ignorance of such popular churches as the Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian; but on the partisan greed of monopolist privilege in the clergy of all churches, and also on the fears of working folk,

that if Sabbath prohibition were relaxed, it would add to their working hours, without increase of wages. Such is not the case in California, where Sunday is a free day, as in Paris. San Francisco is then the most sensible city in the United States; which terribly scandalizes Eastern puritans. These are moving hell from beneath to crush out its sociability. The nature they would leave us is a ghost chained to a corpse.

Christians for whom the bias of their education personifies the "Father" of Jesus in the Yahvah of Moses—a feat in ideation parallel to the sweetness of salt, or the vinous taste of water, for hypnotized palates, are, if sincere religionists, no nearer on that account to adopting a prohibitory Sabbath; seeing that the authority which bound the Jew, as well as that which unbound him as a Christian, bore exclusively on those of Hebrew race, for whom the Sabbath institution was a distinctive "Sign and bond."

There were medieval Catholics who held the authority of their church councils or papal bulls, as identical with that of the Mosaic Yahvah and Jesuist Father. Under such authoritative hypnotism, such Catholics incurred the bondage of Sabbath prohibitions; but when under subsequent popes, equally infallible and divinely inspired, the decree of a certain council was annulled, their bondage ceased, and Catholics since have been Sabbath free for work or amusement at their option. The revenues of their priests are independent of it.

But if, as I see no reason to doubt, the same hypnotic susceptibilities of passive ignorance and superstition persist in the American masses, as the Egyptian priests exploited in the Coptic race, and Moses, for his Levites, in Hebrew, then Shepard, Talmage & Co. have the same divine right as Moses, to hypnotize Sabbatarian prohibitionists for the same purposes of clerical prestige and tribute levying.

The difficulty of liberal opposition consists in that it lacks these motives of ambition and cupidity which nerve and polarize church zealots. Iconoclasts gain little power or wealth by exposing clerical swindles. Yet there is a hope from the jealousies of governments, which like the Italian, no less arbitrary under republican forms, than the papal autocracy, need for provision of cannon fodder and other worthy state uses, all the spare cash that the priestcraft has hitherto appropriated.

EDGEWORTH.

OCULT EXPERIENCES.

BY MRS. ELBE M. TASCHER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SONG IN THE HEART.

"The truest conceptions of the human mind are gold-tinged by reflection from the spiritual realm that is just above—Those who are blind to the intuitions of their own souls, and seek spiritual safety outside of them, are like birds that destroy themselves by plunging from the darkness against the light-house towers."

I pondered much upon these things, and yet I did not feel satisfied. I had read so much about hallucinations, spectral illusions, and foolish superstitions, my prejudices still held me fast. I could not see, if this were true, how falsehoods should be told, or why, if they could show themselves to mortal eyes, they could not tell us the most wonderful things, and not spend time fooling around with senseless tables, doing simple things that they would never stoop to do if they were alive; saying things more weak and silly than we thought of uttering, and by which felt bored when we found ourselves in company of living persons that talked in such a silly strain—though it must be admitted we frequently suffered this misfortune—It seemed too, that the more I delved and labored to investigate these phenomena, the more susceptible I became to the glaring foolishness, weakness, and general littleness of humanity. My own foibles, as well, disgusted me. There seemed to be no consolation in religion, or anything else. I seemed doomed continually to have an inner view of every heart. As it were, the cloak that hitherto had enveloped people like a saintly robe, now, to my seeking eyes, suddenly floated up disclosing not only its true character, but

the hearts beneath, full of deceit, unfaithfulness, greed and all manner of abominations. I reasoned: If this is a true view of humanity, then why expect other things from those that have died? If we believe we are immortal, death is only of the body. No more, really than changing clothes. The body is merely the vestment, or machine of the spirit, and the act of physical death cannot remove the untruth within. "He that is filthy, must be filthy still."

With feelings of indescribable anguish my heart went on groping, finding no sure rest or comfort, and so the weeks sped away. One very warm beautiful evening, Leda and I being out for a walk, entered the white gate of the cemetery. As we walked up the gentle slope towards the grave of Dr. H., I felt that strange sensation I have before alluded to, stealing over me. Nearing the side of the grave, we stopped a moment. The moon shone very bright, but the pines standing thick about the spot, cast dense shadows around us. I stood silent a few moments, and then, with a great effort, my feet seeming rooted to the spot, I walked on a few paces, Leda by my side talking about something. Then I seemed compelled to pause and look back, and there stood Dr. H. The instant I saw him, he slightly waved his hands with a natural, graceful motion, bowing quite low, with a look of happy greeting, and then, like a flash, I saw him no more. In that moment, however, I saw him so plainly that I noted every particular of his dress: an elegant evening suit with white vest, and bouquet. I began to say to Leda, as soon as he vanished, "Did we ever see E. in full evening dress, the real elegant affair." "Why no!" said she. "No," I replied musingly, "I never remember seeing him dressed in that way, but I certainly saw him standing right there, a minute ago" and I went to the exact spot, describing to her every particular. We walked all about, looking earnestly everywhere, hoping to see more, but all was silent and deserted.

When we got home, Madge was up stairs, and my brother left the room, retiring in a few moments. Leda and I went out into the kitchen for something and sat down by the table talking in low tones. We had hardly seated ourselves when her hand wrote, "I wish I could have staid longer but I will come again. E." Then all was still for a few moments, then, after a few trembling motions "Manda" was written. She gave a message, I interrupting her to ask, "Is Dr. H. gone?" "No, he stands back of your chair," was written. "I wish I could see you, Manda," I said. At this Leda began to say, "Well, Aunty, you know that Manda never would tell you that you would see her or anybody right off, though she said you would sometime." I replied that it would be far more convincing to me if I could see and describe her accurately; as I never knew her, had not even seen a picture of her, you would all know I certainly did see her and no delusion about it. As I said this, I glanced up and there beside Leda, stood a large, stout woman. She had on a dark calico dress with a small white figure. It was made perfectly plain, with no buttons on; the waist seeming to hook up underneath. A straight band of the calico bound the neck, and no collar or pin. Her hair was plainly parted in the middle, combed back straight and put up with a small back comb that showed on top of her head at the back. There was a "cowlick" over her forehead that made the parting uneven in front. Her eyes were small but very keen looking. She had high cheek bones, a square, massive jaw and firmly closed mouth, expressive of much determined energy and purpose. Her face was full and fleshy, and a little puffy under the eyes. Her dress was smooth over her full motherly bosom, and an apron, considerably lighter than the dress, was tied in the crease of her waist-line. Her hands were clasped across the apron, and I even noticed how the sleeves were made; perfectly plain, hemmed up a little above the wrist joint, which was not prominent but well covered with flesh.

I looked at her in utter amazement at first, and began describing her to Leda, rubbing my eyes vigorously. I looked again. There she stood just as plain as at first. I told Leda that I could still see her. She seemed to smile a little as I said this and nod her

head at me as if to say: "Well, you are satisfied now, I hope." Leda spoke, asking if I could still see her, and said she guessed it was "Manda," and that instant she vanished. We saw nothing more that night. The next evening Mrs. F. sent for us to come over to her house. While there I told her I had seen another figure, describing the woman I had seen minutely. She burst into tears as I proceeded with the description, saying: "It was my mother. You could not describe her more perfectly if you were looking at her alive this minute. I remember well the calico dress, my father has got it now put away in a trunk." (I had even described the figure in the calico, an odd-looking cluster of small white crescents.) "She always would wear her apron, too, but I should have thought she would have appeared to you in a black dress, for that was what she always wore when she was dressed up." She seemed annoyed because I saw her mother in an every-day dress. I could not help it, of course, and told her I thought she looked good and bright. That was enough. I thought it more convincing to see her just as she looked daily than in a conventional suit, as I knew nothing about her, whether she was a working woman or a great lady of fashion, and should not be at all likely to imagine anything so plain and substantial, so purely unspiritual, as well as unknown to me. Madge had long given up the idea of sitting for independent slate-writing. After trying it a few times she became so restive and uncomfortably cross that I felt it was useless and said nothing further about it. The weather was beautiful, and we had so much company that the whole subject was driven out of my mind. Being so engrossed with everything, I had not thought particularly of Madge's preoccupation. Always a busy little thing, her days of seclusion upstairs passed quietly until I woke up to it one day and began to inquire into her mysterious silence. The girls put me off with evasive answers to my queries; Leda finally reminding me of my approaching birthday, said: "Wait until after that, auntie."

The morning of that day dawned and I heard them lock the parlor doors early, telling me not to go into the front hall for anything. I was obedient, though I felt a little anxious listening to their light feet scampering up and down from their room and from a large light room in the attic used mostly for storing winter bedding and such things.

After a while they opened the doors and led me in. On the wall hung two beautiful oil paintings. The one a flower piece, the other a lovely land-landscape, while on an easel where the light fell softly on the beautiful face was the life-size portrait of a dear friend.

"Why! why! my dear children!" I exclaimed, tears dripping from my face, "how did you get these!"

Can you imagine my incredulous astonishment when Madge, with the most brilliant eyes and glowing cheeks, said faintly, "I painted them for you, auntie, I did them myself! Oh, I'm so glad you like them;" and she burst into tears.

There was quite a rainy season in that parlor for a while but Leda was the first to recover her voice, "She always could draw some you know, auntie, any flower we wanted to embroider or anything like that, and all of a sudden she seemed crazy to draw. She kept telling me she wanted to paint." "Yes," broke in Madge, "I could not help it. I kept hearing voices tell me to get some paints and try. I made up my mind to do it at last. Leda helped me get the things I needed, and I painted these." Come to inquire into the strange affair—for strange it was, and is as we all know, Madge never took a lesson of any kind, either in painting or drawing—she said she painted only when she had that peculiar desire to do so, and that while she was working she knew some one was at her side directing her. She was conscious of a whisper to her mind continually when at the easel. Her father had procured the frames for her and it is needless to say they were elegant. "What did your father say about your painting them?" I asked. I remembered then that a peculiarly reticent manner had come over my brother of late.

"He didn't seem to know what to say," said Leda,

"He only remarked: 'The pictures are fine, girlie. You keep right on and you shall have all the frames you want. I don't see that you need any lessons.'"

The original of the portrait Madge had seen but once, and had only a small wood-cut of the face to guide her. The likeness was perfect, even the lovely smile and an ethereal, heavenly expression that made the countenance one of the most beautiful on earth, was there. "I don't see how you ever did it." "I don't either," said Madge.

"And does she go on with it?" exclaimed the doctor, deeply interested.

"To be sure she does," replied Miss Vale. "Her pictures are counted wonderful, especially in expression. It is often remarked by connoisseurs, 'Every leaf talks.'"

"I would't let her work at it too much," said Mrs. Eads, anxiously. "Be real careful, won't you?"

"Well, there is another thing that is odd about it. She only paints at intervals, laying it aside without reluctance. She goes on with all her other studies with all her usual ardor. Her spirits and energy are exuberant."

Mr. Lans had been at the bookcase, and as Miss Vale ceased speaking he came forward with a volume of Hawthorne's—"The Marble Faun"—in his hand. "May I read a little from this?" he said, and then his musical voice, lingering lovingly over each line, gave the following extracts, written by one of the loveliest souls that ever dwelt in earthly mansion:

"But if they paused to look over Hilda's shoulder, and had sensibility enough to understand what was before their eyes, they soon felt inclined to believe that the spirits of the old masters were hovering over Hilda, and guiding her delicate white hand. In truth, from whatever realms of bliss and many-colored beauty these spirits might descend, it would have been no unworthy errand to help so gentle and pure a worshiper of their genius, in giving the last divine touch to her repetition of their works. . . ."

"In some instances even—at least so those believed who best appreciated Hilda's power and sensibility—she had been enabled to execute what the great master had conceived in imagination, but had not so perfectly succeeded in putting upon canvas. In such cases the girl was but a finer instrument, a more exquisitely effective piece of mechanism, by the help of which the spirit of some great departed painter now first achieved his ideal centuries after his own earthly hand—that other tool—had turned to dust. . . ."

"If Guido had not wrought through me, my pains would have been thrown away," said Hilda. . . ."

"Renyon gave up all preconceptions about the character of his subject and let his hands work uncontrolled with the clay, somewhat as a spiritual medium while holding a pen yields it to an unseen guidance other than that of her own will. . . ."

"Now," said Mr. Lans, "the application is too plain to need comment. I leave it to you, but I have enjoyed so much in these evening entertainments I wish to contribute something pleasant in return. Here is an incident that I thought so beautiful at the time it occurred to me, I noted it down, meaning to offer it for publication. I have called it the 'The Song in the Heart:'"

"She was eighty years old. One evening we sat upon the piazza together, while she related the following incident of her life, with deep emotion. The sinking sun lit her silver hair and suffused her face; her eyes, long misty with tearful years, gleamed again in a new, glorified beauty more lovely than youthful brightness; an afterglow, indeed. 'I was born in Scotland,' she said. 'Through childhood I played on the heathery hills, or by the side of winding Ayr, and later, went to school. The dearest companion of those early days was a neighbor's lad, a bonny boy, as I remember him, not rude and noisy like the others, but gentle and retiring, an earnest student and book-lover. To me alone he opened his heart, telling, as his greatest secret, that he sometimes wrote verses. Times often and many we stole away from all the rest, and when we were sure no prying eye or ear was by, he would read to me his latest effort in rhyme, of which I was never, never to

tell; an awesome secret, too, it seemed to me, and though I learned the little jingles by heart, repeating them over and over by myself, never a word of them passed my lips to another.

"When I was about thirteen years old my mother died and my father, lonely and restless, left Scotland and brought his broken family to America; and that was the last of the dear confidences between Robbie and me.

"Years passed, busy, happy and tearful. I was a wife, a mother and a grandmother, and even the fourth generation grew around me. One would have thought the dust of time lay so thickly over Lang Syne that no trace of those bright days might remain, but it was not so. A few months ago my daughter visited me from abroad. To beguile time on the way she had purchased several books and magazines which, lying about after her arrival, attracted my attention. Looking over them one day a bit of poetry caught my eye. The childhood secret had taught me to love verse dearly, but as I began to read this poem something familiar seemed to strike my ear. It might have been a bird note from Scotia's forests, or a strain of my mother's lullaby. What was it? I could hardly clear my eyes to read it through. Tears leaped down in torrents when I saw at the end the name of the author,—the same, the very same as his. I was so deeply affected for some time I could not collect myself enough to tell my daughter. She soothed and chided me, telling me how unlikely it was that he could be the same Robbie that I had known, for, 'See, mother,' said she, 'the author's address is given. He is an American gentleman, and it sounds like a young person's writing. I would never be so troubled.' I insisted that he might have become an American, as well as I, and that Robbie could never grow old. I was sure as sure it was his very self that wrote the lines. Day after day I was haunted with that song lingering in my heart. I seemed to hear in tones of unutterable music: 'It is I! It is I!' I talked of it so much that after awhile my daughter said: 'If it would comfort you, mother, I would write to the author and inquire about it.' This I finally did, giving a few particulars and my childhood's name, as well as he present one. Oh, how long it seemed until the reply could come, but at last the days that must intervene had passed and there it was. It was—as I had known from the first—my Robbie that had written the poem, but, the letter went on to state, that a few weeks before he had passed, singing joyfully, to a better country, even a heavenly one. Who shall say that I did not hear his voice calling to me across the long bridge of years, yea, even across the eternal portal."

In the tender silence brooding over us as the poet closed his notebook, Ada went to the piano and began singing softly:

"Over the tide of that jasper sea,
Softly a sweet voice is calling to me,
Loving and tender, beseeching its tone,
Dearly beloved, O, why longer roam."

We all joined with subdued voices in the refrain:

"Calling, calling, yes calling for me,
Over the tide of that jasper sea."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

In the Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* Mark Twain has an article on "Mental Telegraphy" a name which he says he gave sixteen or seventeen years ago to phenomena now, so designated phenomena which he declares his own experience had established to his satisfaction. "It is [mental telegraphy] the same thing," he says, "around the outer edges of which the Psychical Society of England began to group (and play with) four or five years ago, and which they named 'Telepathy.' Within the last two or three years they have penetrated toward the heart of the matter, however, and found out that mind can act upon mind in a quite detailed and elaborate way over vast stretches of land and water, and they have succeeded in doing, by their

great credit and influence, what I never could have done—convinced the world that mental telegraphy is not a jest, but a fact, that it is a thing not rare, but exceedingly common. They have done our age a service and a very great service, I think." Mark Twain's psychical experiences given in *Harper's* are, as he says, such as he noted and recorded in 1878 and during the four years following." Below is an extract from the article:

May, '78.—Another of those apparently trifling things has happened to me which puzzle and perplex all men every now and then, keep them thinking an hour or two, and leave their minds barren of explanation or solution at last. Here it is—and it looks inconsequential enough, I am obliged to say. A few days ago I said: "It must be that Frank Millet doesn't know we are in Germany, or he would have written long before this. I have been on the point of dropping him a line at least a dozen times during the past six weeks, but I always decided to wait a day or two longer, and see if we shouldn't hear from him. But now I will write." And so I did. I directed the letter to Paris, and thought, "Now we shall hear from him before this letter is fifty miles from Heidelberg—it always happens so."

True enough; but why should it? That is the puzzling part of it. We are always talking about letters "crossing" each other, for that is one of the very commonest accidents of this life. We call it "accident," but perhaps we misname it. We have the instinct a dozen times a year that the letter we are writing is going to "cross" the other person's letter; and if the reader will rack his memory a little he will recall the fact that this presentiment had strength enough to it to make him cut his letter down to a decided briefness, because it would be a waste of time to write a letter which was going to "cross," and hence be a useless letter. I think that in my experience this instinct has generally come to me in cases where I had put off my letter a good while in the hope that the other person would write.

Yes, as I was saying, I had waited five or six weeks; then I wrote but three lines, because I felt and seemed to know that a letter from Millet would cross mine. And so it did. He wrote the same day that I wrote. The letters crossed each other. His letter went to Berlin, care of the American minister, who sent it to me. In this letter Millet said he had been trying for six weeks to stumble upon somebody who knew my German address, and at last the idea had occurred to him that a letter sent to the care of the embassy at Berlin might possibly find me.

Maybe it was an "accident" that he finally determined to write me at the same moment that I finally determined to write him, but I think not.

With me the most irritating thing has been to wait a tedious time in a purely business matter, hoping that the other party will do the writing, and then sit down and do it myself, perfectly satisfied that that other man is sitting down at the same moment to write a letter which will "cross" mine. And yet one must go on writing, just the same; because if you get up from your table and postpone, that other man will do the same thing, exactly as if you two were harnessed together like the Siamese twins, and must duplicate each other's movements.

Several months before I left home a New York firm did some work about the house for me, and did not make a success of it, as it seemed to me. When the bill came, I wrote and said I wanted the work perfected before I paid. They replied that they were very busy, but that as soon as they could spare the proper man the thing should be done. I waited more than two months, enduring as patiently as possible the companionship of bells which would fire away of their own accord sometimes when nobody was touching them, and at other times wouldn't ring though you struck the button with a sledge-hammer. Many a time I got ready to write and then postponed it; but at last I sat down one evening and poured out my grief to the extent of a page or so, and then cut my letter suddenly short, because a strong instinct told me that the firm had begun to move in the matter. When I came down to breakfast next morning the postman had not yet taken my letter away, but the electrical man had been there, done his work, and was gone again! He had received his orders the previous evening from his employers, and had come up by the night train.

If that was an "accident" it took about three months to get it up in good shape.

One evening last summer I arrived in Washington, registered at the Arlington Hotel, and went to my room. I read and smoked until ten o'clock; then, finding I was not yet sleepy, I thought I would take a breath of fresh air. So I went forth in the rain, and tramped through one street after another in an aimless and enjoyable way. I knew that Mr. O——, a friend of mine, was in town, and I wished I might run across him; but I did not propose to hunt for

him at midnight, especially as I did not know where he was stopping. Toward twelve o'clock the streets had become so deserted that I felt lonesome; so I stepped into a cigar shop far up the Avenue, and remained there fifteen minutes, listening to some bummers discussing national politics. Suddenly the spirit of prophecy came upon me, and I said to myself, "Now I will go out at this door, turn to the left, walk ten steps, and meet Mr. O——face to face." I did it, too! I could not see his face, because he had an umbrella before it, and it was pretty dark anyhow, but he interrupted the man he was walking and talking with, and I recognized his voice and stopped him.

That I should step out there and stumble upon Mr. O—— was nothing. But that I should know beforehand that I was going to do it was a good deal. It is a very curious thing when you come to look at it. I stood far within the cigar shop when I delivered my prophecy; I walked about five steps to the door, opened it, closed it after me, walked down a flight of three steps to the sidewalk, then turned to the left and walked four or five more, and found my man. I repeat that in itself the thing was nothing; but to know it would happen so beforehand, wasn't that really curious?

I have criticised absent people so often, and then discovered, to my humiliation, that I was talking with their relatives, that I have grown superstitious about that sort of thing and dropped it. How like an idiot one feels after a blunder like that!

We are always mentioning people, and in that very instant they appear before us. We laugh, and say, "Speak of the devil," and so forth, and there we drop it, considering it an "accident." It is a cheap and convenient way of disposing of a grave and very puzzling mystery. The fact is it does seem to happen too often to be an accident.

Now I come to the oddest thing that ever happened to me. Two or three years ago I was lying in bed, idly musing, one morning—it was the 2d of March—when suddenly a red-hot new idea came whistling down into my camp, and exploded with such comprehensive effectiveness as to sweep the vicinity clean of rubbishy reflections, and fill the air with their dust and flying fragments. This idea, stated in simple phrase, was that the time was ripe and the market ready for a certain book; a book which ought to be written at once; a book which must command attention and be of peculiar interest—to wit, a book about the Nevada silver mines. The "Great Bonanza" was a new wonder then, and everybody was talking about it. It seemed to me that the person best qualified to write this book was Mr. William H. Wright, a journalist of Virginia, Nevada, by whose side I had scribbled many months when I was a reporter there ten or twelve years before. He might be alive still; he might be dead; I could not tell; but I would write him, anyway. I began by merely and modestly suggesting that he make such a book; but my interest grew as I went on, and I ventured to map out what I thought to be the plan of the work, he being an old friend, and not given to taking good intentions for ill. I even dealt with details, and suggested the order and sequence which they should follow. I was about to put the manuscript in an envelope, when the thought occurred to me that if this book should be written at my suggestion, and then no publisher should happen to want it, I should feel uncomfortable; so I concluded to keep my letter back until I should have secured a publisher. I pigeon-holed my document, and dropped a note to my own publisher, asking him to name a day for a business consultation. He was out of town on a far journey. My note remained unanswered, and at the end of three or four days the whole matter had passed out of my mind. On the 9th of March the postman brought three or four letters, and among them a thick one whose superscription was in a hand which seemed dimly familiar to me. I could not "place" it at first, but presently I succeeded. Then I said to a visiting relative who was present:

"Now I will do a miracle. I will tell you everything this letter contains—date, signature, and all—without breaking the seal. It is from a Mr. Wright, of Virginia, Nevada, and is dated the 2d of March—seven days ago. Mr. Wright proposes to make a book about the silver mines and the Great Bonanza, and asks what I, as a friend, think of the idea. He says his subjects are to be so and so, their order and sequence so and so, and he will close with a history of the chief feature of the book, the Great Bonanza."

I opened the letter, and showed that I had stated the date and the contents correctly. Mr. Wright's letter simply contained what my own letter, written on the same date, contained, and mine still lay in its pigeon-hole, where it had been lying during the seven days since it was written.

There was no clairvoyance about this, if I rightly comprehend what clairvoyance is. I think the clairvoyant professes to actually see concealed writing, and read it off word for word. This was not my case. I only seemed to know, and to know absolutely, the contents of the letter in detail and due order, but I

had to word them myself. I translated them, so to speak, out of Wright's language into my own.

Wright's letter and the one which I had written to him but never sent, were in substance the same.

Necessarily this could not come by accident; such elaborate accidents cannot happen. Chance might have duplicated one or two of the details, but she would have broken down on the rest. I could not doubt—there was no tenable reason for doubting—that Mr. Wright's mind and mine had been in close and crystal-clear communication with each other across three thousand miles of mountain and desert on the morning of the 2d of March. I did not consider that both minds originated that succession of ideas, but that one mind originated them, and simply telegraphed them to the other. I was curious to know which brain was the telegrapher and which was the receiver, so I wrote and asked for particulars. Mr. Wright's reply showed that his mind had done the originating and telegraphing and mine the receiving. Mark that significant thing, now; consider for a moment how many a splendid "original" idea has been unconsciously stolen from a man three thousand miles away! If one should question that this is so, let him look into the cyclopædia and con once more that curious thing in the history of inventions which has puzzled every one so much—that is, the frequency with which the same machine or other contrivance has been invented at the same time by several persons in different quarters of the globe. The world was without an electric telegraph for several thousand years; then Professor Henry, the American, Wheatstone in England, Morse on the sea, and a German in Munich, all invented it at the same time. The discovery of certain ways of applying steam was made in two or three countries in the same year. Is it not possible that inventors are constantly and unwittingly stealing each other's ideas whilst they stand thousands of miles asunder?

A CRUCIAL EXPERIMENT.

By J. P. QUINCY.

"If you will explain the nature of the investigation you propose to make," said the rector, "we shall be all the more competent as observers."

"I will willingly do so," assented the professor. "But in stating my hypotheses,—which are tentative, not dogmatic,—and in explaining why I hold them, I must ask permission to use the terminology of those who believe in spiritual life. I do this simply for convenience, without prejudice to the negation of such life to which the failure of my experiment may be thought to point. I propose then, reverend sir, to place some of your pulpit assertions upon a basis which will appeal to the modern mind; in a word, to strengthen pious apologetics with positive assurance. I shall employ, not perhaps the best methods in this investigation, but those with which Dr. Bense is familiar. And, first, I hope to be able to show that, approximating the time when the soul leaves the body, there is an alteration in its weight which is capable of registration. I have caused the bed to be supported upon an exquisitely poised balance which will show any remission of the downward pressure. I can scarcely doubt my success here,—though I hope to go much further."

"Will you give us your reasons for this supposition?" inquired Dr. Bense.

"Certainly," was the response. "A change in the weight of the body has often been observed in persons in the ecstatic condition. There are certain states related to the somnambule when the human organism is subject to an unknown lifting force, which, to a greater or less degree, overpowers its natural gravity. There is good reason to believe that the energies of the soul may be awakened to such a pitch that in its transport it will bear up the material envelope. History and literature abundantly recognize this fact. We have minute accounts of the levitations of St. Theresa, Loyola, Savonarola, and many others. The experiments made upon somnambulists by Dr. Charpignon and Professor Kieser tend to confirm these older records. The phenomenon is well known in connection with religious revivals. The possessed children of Morzine and Chablais, who in 1847 flung themselves from the branches of the highest trees with the lightness of squirrels, scarcely outdid the record of our own Kentucky Climbers. Professor Alfred R. Wallace, to whom we lend willing ears when he speaks of the biographies of bugs and butterflies, asserts that at least fifty persons of high character can be found in London who will vouch for the fact of levitation, as by them witnessed. This testimony is on record, and much of it is accessible to any serious inquirer."

"Assume my assent to the existence of this precious evidence, both come-at-able and un-come-at-able," said Dr. Bense impatiently, "and what follows then?"

"Then," answered Professor Hargrave, "I hazard the *a priori* supposition that a state bearing some re-

semblance to that which we know as ecstasy occurs at or near the moment of death, and that this condition is marked by a lessening of weight, which can be shown by proper experimental inquiry."

"If such a fact exists, it is capable of proof," said the doctor dryly.

"Undoubtedly," agreed Hargrave. "Now let me take you a little further. For the past three months I have been at work upon an instrument which is as sensitive to soundless vibrations in the atmosphere as the receiving disc of the telephone is to those originated by the voice. All the credit of its perfection belongs to my friend Professor Merlton, of our chemical department, who has discovered a substance which is both more delicate and more retentive than the tin-foil of the phonograph. I expect to show that when the body exhibits a decrease of weight, there are tremors in the atmosphere above it which can be detected at no other time, and of which our present physical science can give no account."

Clara flushed a little at her husband's ardor, and could not help recalling that line of Wordsworth which intimates the existence of localities where it were not well to botanize, even in the high interests of scientific investigation.

"We have now," continued the professor, with something of the authoritative manner he had acquired in the lecture room, "a moving equilibrium as the point of merging between two existences. I am provided with six self-registering thermometers, and shall from time to time take that condition of its molecular changes which we recognize as temperature. We know that heat can augment only as there is expansion or change of position in molecules. Taken in connection with other parts of my investigation, I hope to establish a fair inference that we are here detecting the jar of the elements of life-stuff as they form the faint beginnings of the new envelope of man."

"That is your theory," interpolated Dr. Bense, with a slightly scornful emphasis upon the last word.

"It is my theory," assented the professor. "It is my way of provisionally coordinating the series of observations we shall both record. If you are able to offer a generalized view of the phenomena which is simpler and more intelligible, I shall gladly accept it. Having obtained success up to this point, it is my design to push inquiry by another instrument. You are probably aware that certain sensitives, who are above suspicion of imposture, profess to have seen the growth of the spiritual body as that which is mortal gradually assumes the *rigor cadaveris*."

"Oh, yes; we doctors recognize in such assertions a cerebral condition induced by febrile or other disturbance. Read Clarke upon Visions; it will tell you the precise part of the visual apparatus where functional perturbation causes these false conceptions."

"I am familiar with the book," resumed the professor quietly, "and now take it from this table to remind you of other testimony which Dr. Clarke has left for us. Our distinguished countryman, Dr. O. W. Holmes, who writes the introduction to the volume, in speaking of a case which the author described to him, uses this language: 'At the very instant of dissolution it seemed to him, as he sat at the dying lady's bedside, that there arose "something," an undefined yet perfectly apprehended something, to which he could give no name, but which was like a departing presence.' And Dr. Holmes then goes on to say that he has received a similar statement 'from the lips of one whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon.' In this case he tells us that there was also 'the consciousness that "something" arose, as if the "spirit" had made itself cognizable at the moment of quitting its mortal tenement.' Now, it is not impossible that the essence which departs with the final throb of life—that ascending something testified to by this person 'whose evidence is eminently to be relied upon'—is capable of being pictured by transcendental photography."

"Transcendental what?" demanded Dr. Bense, in a tone of utter amazement.

"Pho-to-gra-phy," repeated the professor, carefully separating the syllables. "Take the word easily, by installments, and put them together when inside your head. There is really no need of the surgical operation whereby the Scotch brain is said to be made receptive. You never heard of it?"

"Never, outside the society of those I considered lunatics," said the doctor.

"Richter was right," remarked Mr. Greyson, "when he said that every specialist would do well to take a walk with some other specialist who had investigated in a different direction. In such a stroll Dr. Bense might be paired with Professor Aksakof, lately of the University of Moscow."

"I am told we are getting some very good romances from Russia," murmured the neurologist.

"Yes, or with Wagner, Professor of Zoölogy in the University of St. Petersburg," added Hargrave. "Either of these gentlemen could tell him, as the result of their experiments, that photographic plates

are more sensitive than ordinary remember, used a stereoscopic camera, that double pictures of the unseen sitters might mutually check each other. But perhaps Dr. Bense would say that to photograph an invisible image would be scientifically impossible."

"No, I am not going to walk into that trap," said the doctor, decidedly. "I am quite aware that sulphate of quinine has the quality of rendering visible the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, 'Fluorescence,' Professor Stokes called it, though why it should bear the name of the spar I never could understand."

"If we accept the researches of these gentlemen," continued the professor, "they certainly show that an unseen power can throw into form some principles of matter which, though invisible to our eyes, can reflect the chemical rays of light and impress the plate."

"And so none of your infallible witnesses can be found outside of Russia," said Dr. Bense. "In the higher latitudes of that country, I believe, the inhabitants chiefly depend upon moonshine."

"Quite the contrary," was the decided reply. "There are the recorded experiments of Professor Crookes, whose honorable character no sane man has questioned. Add to these the attestation of Mr. Taylor, skeptic and expert editor of the *British Journal of Photography*, who tested the process by which these pictures were produced with his own collodion and glass plates. Then there is the Beattie series of photographs, taken in London under very stringent conditions; these show a luminous mist—*Dampf*, as the Germans call it—gradually condensing into definite shapes. There is the record of the investigation of the claims of Mr. Hartman in Cincinnati, which was conducted by six practical photographers, who watched their marked plates through all their various working without detecting any sign of trickery. I do not refer to my personal experiments, as their results have not yet been given to the public. It answers my present purpose to assert that any intelligent man who will examine the depositions I have cited must conclude that, even if insufficient to compel conviction, they are weighty enough to brand with folly and incompetence any inquirer who does not try photography in such an investigation as is now before us."

Professor Hargrave threw a warmth of manner into the excited emphasis of the last sentence which rendered a pause prudent. This gave a little time for silent meditation.

"How handsome he is!" thought his wife. "What a fascinating mixture of the cautious calculation of the man of science with the imagination of the romantic adventurer!"

The rector noted the visionary splendor in Clara's eyes, and indulged in an odd speculation upon the source of the charm of personality. For instance, had Margaret Fuller possessed the gift of beauty, had Count Ossoli been intellectually her superior, could she have radiated this influence of perfect feminine development?

"Alas, the pity of it," thought Dr. Bense, "that the author of 'Centres of Ossification,' a book imbued with the true scientific spirit, should revert to these old Eldorado dreams! Well, there are pathetic precedents. The mind that produced the *Principia* came to muddle over the prophecies!"

Having made this reflection, the genial doctor asked himself whether some covert implication, which stretched the bonds of courteous discussion, might not have slipped in among his remarks. He feared this was the case; if so, it was the part of a gentleman to soothe sensibilities that had been unintentionally ruffled.

"Be sure, Professor Hargrave, that I shall do my best to make accurate notes of any novel manifestations of force which you may be able to exhibit. It seemed but fair to let you know that I do not think you or any other man will succeed in—well, I will say in discovering perpetual motion or in squaring the circle. But I am aware that both these feats and others analogous to them may be attempted with an enthusiasm—nay, even with a genius—that should command our respect. I shall do you the justice to submit my memoranda, without comment, to my associates of the Psychical Society. It is possible that the united wisdom of their several heads may generate reflections whose pertinency we shall both acknowledge."

The professor bowed his head in token of satisfaction with this arrangement, and remarked that he had made preparations for getting his light from a battery current instead of that supplied by the dynamo. Although this was not commonly used, he was satisfied of its advantages for photography.

"One thing more," said the doctor. "I must ask that our proceedings be kept as private as possible. It would injure my professional standing to be caught in such a business; my position might be misunderstood, you see. Besides, here is our good rector: we must look after his reputation. The bishop would be sure to make a fuss at this irregular peeping behind the curtain."

"It is only your medical bishop, masquerading as some neurological club or hospital committee, whose discipline is to be feared," said Mr. Greyson, quietly. "Remember that clergymen have one special qualification for these investigations which you physicians do not always possess: we can examine without prejudice other lines which lead to a conclusion we already accept."

Dr. Bense might have taken up the challenge conveyed in the words to which the rector had given special emphasis, but at this moment the bell-call of the telephone rang sharply from the adjoining room. Hargrave attended the summons, and immediately returned to say that Dr. Simpson thought no time was to be lost in getting to Brandon avenue, and that a carriage would be at the door as soon as they could put on their overcoats.

"Runners or wheels?" asked Dr. Bense, going to the window.

"Wheels, of course," answered the professor. "See how it's drifting!"

"That's good," said the doctor; "there will be more room in a carriage. Here are three of us; you will want one of the seats for the box of instruments."

"The driver must take it outside," said Mrs. Hargrave. "I wish to accompany you."

"You, my dear!" exclaimed the professor. "It would not be proper to admit a lady to the chamber, under the circumstances."

"Under the circumstances," replied Clara, "it is the last place in which any lady would desire to be. I will stay below in the dining room. In a crisis like this you will surely wish me to be near you."

"Only on your own account would I have it otherwise," said Hargrave tenderly. "But you do not realize the strain upon one who merely waits for a great result; it is far more serious than those know whose active energies are strained to accomplish it."

"You will have so much against you," said Clara quietly, "that you cannot dispense with the cooperation of a neighboring sympathy, which we both know may be an important factor in your work. You reject my advice to abandon this very delicate experiment; you cannot master all the conditions for success. The state of the atmosphere is unfortunate. It is uncertain whether you can obtain from Mr. Peckster the active assistance you are looking for. I do not doubt his good intentions; but his life has not been of the sort which enables a man to grasp the transcendental consciousness as soon as the normal one is lost. There will be a period of transition during which the spirit will be likely to suffer great disturbance."

"There are risks of failure in all our undertakings," said Hargrave proudly; "our sole concern is to deserve success. I must vindicate my toil during the past year; I must confound Bense and the scientific sneer he represents. Yes, I may fail; but to try I am pledged!"

"Then, dear, I have received my orders," said Clara, with the soft voice of feminine acquiescence. "The carriage is at the door: let us go."—*The Atlantic Monthly*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Referring to the recent movement of the wealthy and fashionable Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York City to reach the people by making its pews free to all, one of our daily papers says: "Its [the investigating committee's] report is a significant one. It finds that 'the gospel does not adequately reach our population, that the people are not gathered into our churches, and that it becomes us to consider whether there are not other ways of presenting the old gospel and bringing the people under its sway.' To accomplish this the report recommends that the church bring itself into closer sympathy with the common people, and one of the first steps in this direction will be to make its pews free to all on the basis of the following suggestion in the report: 'A healthful religious condition, as well as a healthful social condition, demands that the rich and poor should meet together. To separate them in churches is fatal to the best spiritual interests of both. We will have to fight our way back to the simplicity and earnestness and faith of the early church.' The Madison Avenue Church has gone to the very root of the causes which have induced the dry rot of which its committee complains, and if it can carry out its purpose and fight its way back to the methods of the early church it will have accomplished a great work. It will have overcome a hitherto invincible prejudice in the minds of the poor, namely, that they cannot afford to go to church, and that the church has no place for them which they can occupy except at the sacrifice of self-respect. This is the kind of revision which the fashionable church needs. Fashion is well enough in its place, but its place is not in the church. That the scheme of the Madison Avenue Church will be a success if it is honestly carried out there can be no doubt."



VESTA.

BY ELNORA STONE.

From a million windows shines to-night,
All over this land of ours;
The light of the lamps by the fireside lit,
As the evening twilight lowers.

Thro' the rich stained windows of palace homes,
The flickering gas jets gleam;
Or the white-hot fires of the lightning chained
Thro' the lace-draped openings stream.

And in lowlier homes shines just as bright
The rays from the humbler lamp,
Whose blaze is lit by the stream that flows
Thro' "sunless caverns" damp.

Thro' the broken, curtainless panes of the hut,
A fitful brightness beams:
No light—save the few red coals on the hearth
Which smoulder with feeble gleams.

In the dark pine forests of the north,
Where the lumberman's camp is set;
Round the ruddy blaze of the glowing logs,
Their evening groups are met.

Dotted by lonesome country roads
The homes are few and far;
But brightly streaming as the night
Shines forth the household star.

O'er the trackless prairie's billowy waves,
The twinkling stars shine round,
As when crossing the ocean we see at night
The lights of a ship home bound.

The Indian sits at his wigwam door,
And watches his camp fire's ray;
While in the shadows that dance around
His savage brood are at play.

So from palace to hut the lights shine out,
Radiant, serene or dim;
And their cheerful blaze lights the whole world
round

With the sound of the evening hymn.

So in every heart as in every home,
With freer or feebler glow,
There burns a spark of the fire divine
To light our path as we go.

And the stream that feeds that fire in each soul
Ever mounting above;
In one unbroken current runs
Thro' each heart, from the heart of Love.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

WOMEN AND THE FAIR.

The second public meeting of the Women's Press League was held, by the invitation of Mrs. Charles Henrotin, at her beautiful and hospitable home; beside the members about one hundred guests were present, showing by their presence their active interest in this new and vigorous association.

Miss Krout, the president, briefly addressed the meeting; letters of regret were read from Miss Frances Willard and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, honorary members.

Mrs. Henrotin, vice-president of the women's branch of the Congress Auxiliary then read a paper upon the proposed work of that association, as follows:

The World's Congress Auxiliary was formed to secure a representation by congresses and conferences of what the intellectual and moral forces of the world have admired in science, literature, government, jurisprudence, morals, charity, and religion. For these factors have been even more potent than have commerce, finance and art in producing the grand aggregate we name modern civilization. It is therefore fitting that they should receive equal recognition in the material exhibits of 1893. As women have been as active as have men in carrying on all intellectual, social and moral improvements, any congresses in which they were not represented would be robbed of half their success and glory. A woman's branch was, therefore, formed, with Mrs. Potter Palmer, president of the Board of Lady Managers, as president, thus receiving the sympathy and co-operation of that powerful board. The committees of women correspond to the committees of men, and in many cases the two have elected to unite and work as one, as the medical and surgical committee, the moral and social reform committee, the science and philosophy committee, and the committee on music. These committees, even when working separately, hold joint meetings for confer-

ence. The new art palace will be placed at the disposal of the auxiliary, in which to hold the congresses. There will be twenty committee-rooms in the building, and all the large halls in the centre of the city can be obtained if the art palace does not suffice. The audience hall of the woman's building can be secured, where will be held the meetings of those congresses in which women are principally interested. It is proposed to hold the congresses in the following order:

May—Music, literature, art and medicine.
June—Religion, morals and temperance.
July—Science, philosophy, invention and education.
August—Law and government.
September—Labor congresses.
October—Agriculture, commerce and finance.

The men and women who are prominent in various branches of intellectual and humanitarian work all over the world will be invited to become members of advisory councils—whose duty it will be to suggest topics of discussion, plans of work of interest to people all over the world. Corresponding and honorary members have been invited to assist by corresponding with the local committees, and any suggestions will be gladly received. The committee on education has two sub-committees, one on kindergartens and one on manual and artistic education. There are committees on scientific and philosophical congresses, and on literary, artists, musical, household economics, religious, municipal, Indian, law, social and moral, and labor congresses.

The formation of the woman's branch, and the work outlined by the special committee, emphasizes a movement now permeating the entire civilized world—that of centralization and co-operation. The great expositions which have been held in all lands since 1853 have cemented bonds of fraternity, and the world realizes the truth that all men are akin. The changes which have taken place in the social economics and political ideas of modern nations since 1851 are only realized when congresses such as will be held in 1893 are convened.

Hundreds of new and unforeseen problems have now the mind of the closing nineteenth century. With the solution of every new enigma comes a new problem, and the combined wisdom of the nations can alone solve the difficulties and strengthen national ideals. This counciling of the nations is a comparatively new factor in the slow progress of fraternity, and we, the most cosmopolitan of people, the nation formed of many races and many brains, should be the first to endeavor to unite all people in the common cause of the perfection and advancement of humanity.

Women have undoubtedly more problems to solve than men, to adapt themselves to new conditions of social and economic life, and avail themselves of the new avenues of employment which they may now enter. The two most important factors of modern civilization are co-operation and association, and women can only avail themselves of these powerful forces by learning what has been accomplished by their means in the industrial world. Society can no longer wholly separate men's work and women's work, and the attitude taken by the women of America toward equal recognition will influence the position which women can henceforth claim for themselves all the world over. There is no principle so little recognized among men and women as that of logical co-operation, and the participation of women in these congresses will strengthen that principle. The women of Chicago look to the women of the world to assist them in realizing this grand conception. In these great national and universal congresses we shall learn to know each other's needs. The grand truth of the independence of men and women, worker and thinker, hand and brain, will be realized.

Mrs. Geo. B. Carpenter, chairman of the committee on music, made a brief statement of the plan of work.

Miss Harriet Monroe, who has been invited to write the ode for the opening of the Columbian Exposition, read two of her exquisite poems, "Niagara's Song" and "With a Copy of Shelley."

Miss Kate Field, the well-known journalist and writer, then addressed the ladies briefly. She was especially pleased to know that household economics was to have such an opportunity among the congresses.

Miss Bessie McDonald then sang two numbers, "Bel Raggio," and "Dost Thou Know that Sweet Land" from Mignon.

Miss McDonald possesses a most exquisite voice and sings with much feeling. She is a pupil of Signor Jannotti. She was accompanied on the piano by Miss Kate Hudson.

Refreshments were served.

MRS. ULRICH AS A MEDIUM.

TO THE EDITOR: The great number of men and women eminent in literature, art, science and in the churches throughout the world who have joined the Psychical Research Societies evidences the fact that all educated people who take the time intelligently to inquire into the amount and character of the testimony to the claims of modern Spiritualism or investigate personally its revelations to mankind, give assent to it and usually become active workers in bringing it before their associates. Its growth therefore has been phenomenally great in the past twenty-five years, and it is increasing at a prodigious rate. Inspired mediums are appearing everywhere to enlighten benighted humanity, of course it offers to-day the only evidence of man's future life in the living testimony of departed spirits. Spiritualism is the open doorway of Spiritual communion. Take Spiritualism from the world and thousands who do not call themselves Spiritualists would be left comfortless and desolate.

In further response to your request I continue the testimony to the efficiency of Mrs. Ulrich's inspired work here. The first letter is from a prominent lady of our city who objects to giving her name at present. I give it as she has signed it: Mrs. G.—She writes November 2, 1891:

"I am a citizen of Nashville, Tenn. and have known Mrs. Ulrich for several years, and have seen and known of wonderful predictions which she has made, and know them to transpire. She has traced absent friends of mine, and I have always found that what she told me was correct. She has correctly described the original of photographs which I had in my hand that she had never seen. She has foretold domestic troubles that were to come to me in the management of my household affairs, which transpired just as she predicted. On one occasion at a public seance in her parlor, where there was probably an hundred people present, I put my hand on the table at which she was sitting and asked mentally if my husband would secure a public office he very much desired. There came three distinct raps on the table in reply, but she looking at me, said, 'The spirits say yes, but I say there will be a delay about that.' It happened just that way, he did not get it at the time he expected but in some months after. Again, I mentally asked about an absent friend who was hundreds of miles away; if he was well and all right. There were three raps, but she said 'You carry me a long distance to get you that information.' A third question I asked mentally was a financial one. She immediately said, 'You jump about in a rapid manner, now you are on finances.' A friend had lost some valuable heirlooms, and had no idea where or by whom they had been stolen. I persuaded her to consult Mrs. Ulrich, who told her that the articles had been out of her possession some time before she had discovered their loss, but that she would finally recover them, which she did. During this sitting Mrs. Ulrich described my friend's husband whom she had never seen, told the number of her children, how many were dead and how many living; also, in a perfect manner described her girlhood's home, described her home circle accurately; also how many of them were dead. She also described her beaux, and told of incidents that had happened between her and two of her admirers on several occasions, which my friend had almost forgotten, but which after hearing Mrs. Ulrich describe she said made her feel almost a girl again. Now, Mrs. Ulrich had never seen my friend before; in fact, did not know at that time her name. I was present at another time when she read for a lady who did not live in the city. She described this lady's home, where she lived, also a farm she owned in the country, even told of an old house that had been torn down, traced the stream that ran through the lot and described the barn and out-houses as accurately as if she were viewing them with her bodily eyes. I could go on indefinitely to tell of instances I know of where Mrs. Ulrich has displayed her wonderful powers, but consider the incidents I have cited sufficient. I have firm faith in what she tells me, and am grateful for the encouragement and sympathy she has given me. The predictions she has made about me and my af-

fairs have in a great many instances come true, and I am waiting for the fulfillment of the others. Hoping that her career may be long and successful. I am her true friend."

Mrs. L. E. Turney, Nashville, Oct. 19, 1891, testified as follows:

"One year ago last month was my first visit to Mrs. Ulrich. She told me where I was born and raised. I never had met her before, nor was there a single person in the house that had ever met me before that I am aware of. She described my father's family and my husband's family. She gave me messages from my dead friends, and told me things they said to her, and if I had not known they were dead, I would have thought it was them talking, for she used words that I had heard them use in life. She also told me of a trouble that I had in my family and saved me a lot of distress by it. She has been a great help to me spiritually, and has been a great aid to me in my success. At one time I went to her almost heart-broken, for I did not know where to go or what to do, and I said to her, 'I am thinking about breaking up.' She says, 'Do not, you hold on to your house for you will not be happy if you make the change.' She says, 'Go home, and before this week is out, you will have a better offer.' I came home and in two hours' time I had the offer and have been doing well ever since. How she knows these things I can't tell, but I do know that she has always told me the truth about everything. And I am a firm believer in her. God bless her. I wish there was more like her.

"I am a member of the Methodist church, and have been for twenty-five years, and was at the time I joined the Methodist, a member of the Episcopal church, and had been for eight years. I changed to the Methodist to be with my husband. I can and do say that she has given me more comfort and better advice that all the ministers I have ever known. I am now old and this is no child's play but truth."

I wish to report a personal experience in this letter. In a seance held in the month of November, 1890, at Mrs. Ulrich's rooms, several persons being present, Mrs. Ulrich became entranced, her guardian spirit "Gold Leaf" informed me that my mother would soon pass to spirit life, and that my brother, Geo. W. Stockell, would quickly follow her. My mother being over seventy years of age and in poor health, it was not unlikely that her death could be looked for at any moment, but my brother being less than forty years of age, in the prime of life, the statement about him appeared improbable. She also stated that his will would give me a large portion of his estate. I had reasons for believing the latter statement improbable in the event of his death, and so expressed myself at the time. In the following month of June, 1891, my mother was taken very ill. A week later my brother, Geo. W. S., whose health had been unusually good for weeks, was taken suddenly ill. In a day or two his physician declared that a surgical operation was necessary. He then made his will and died a couple of days later. In the meantime mother had passed away at 6:30 on Thursday morning, Brother George following at 2:10 on the succeeding Saturday morning. Owing to the critical condition of both of them neither was permitted the knowledge of the other's true condition. After mother's death and a few hours before George passed away, I am told by those present at his bedside at that moment that he remarked to them, 'I am blind, I cannot see you, but I see father standing there and I see Mr. S. (a connection of our family), and mother is here too. We are all here together.' He did not see the living since his physical eyes were blinded, but he did see those who had preceded him into higher life since his spiritual eyes were opened. A few days later the will was read and it was found that Mrs. Ulrich's prediction made months before the document was written, had been verified.

C. H. STOCKELL.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

Artist: "Here is a very suitable picture. Mr. Gibbs—the missionary in the center of a group of cannibals." Deacon Gibbs: "I see the cannibals, Mr. Turps, but where is the missionary?" Artist: "Didn't I just tell you he was in the center of the cannibals?"

Judge: "Have you anything to say before sentence is passed?" Prisoner: "Nothin', only I wouldn't be here if it wasn't for ignorance of the law." Judge: "Your ignorance of the law is no excuse." Prisoner: "'Tain't my ignorance I'm talkin' about. It's yours."



A LETTER FROM MRS. WATSON.

To THE EDITOR: The golden day has gone down behind purple cloud-drapes to sleep on the breast of the placid sea. Coming in from a brisk walk, during which my soul drank deeply of the autumnal splendors that still linger amid the vineyards and orchards of the sunny uplands, I draw the crimson curtains so as to shut out the sense of dark isolation that sometimes steals over one in a silent country house at twilight; and even now, with a cheery little fire and love-breathing flowers, the rooms are very still—too still, so I invite my JOURNAL friends to keep me company.

We are all so busy now-a-days that we seem never to have time to tell each other what we are doing; and yet the telling of it sometimes helps us and others to do the more. Perhaps you will be interested in the fact that a woman has harvested, dried and shipped to your Eastern market one hundred tons of California French prunes from twenty acres of land, every sack of handsomely cured fruit bearing said woman's name in full, and so preaching a "woman's rights" sermon as it goes. It has been a bright, busy, beautiful year since we bade you good bye on the other side of the continent, and life never held greater treasures of love and hope than at the present hour. "What, at your age!" some one dares to exclaim, (because I'm too far away to hear), and I reply, Bless you, nobody is old now-a-days! gray hair "is all the rage" for women, and bald heads for men,—besides, there are so many strange and beautiful happenings all around us; such grand objects to work for, and such encouragement to all noble effort,—and the sciences, physical and psychical, are performing such miracles, that time and space are annihilated;—so I would like to know how anyone can ever grow old and disagreeable because disgusted with this very good and ever-growing-better world? True, there is almost universal discontent; though I do not opine that the poor are growing poorer; but they are beginning to catch glimpses of their rightful inheritance, possibilities never before dreamt of; nor are the rich becoming harder and more grasping; but the eyes of justice are clearer and farther-seeing, and the heart of mercy softer, and all men of all nations are perpetually before the judgment bar of a broader intelligence and keener perception of the eternal Right,—so we denounce where once we would have cringed and obeyed; and though we still grope and stumble, and crowd each other, it is along an ever-brightening, upward way!

The Columbian Exposition as now planned, would have been impossible at any former period of time. It will be the brightest blossoming of human endeavor the world has ever seen. The material splendors will but symbolize the supremacy of spirit, while the various congresses will be both prophecy and fulfillment of the highest hopes, the grandest conceptions and noblest faiths of the divine in our humanity.

Is it too much to affirm that of all the august bodies to be assembled at Chicago in '93, the Psychical Congress will be of the first importance?

Consider for a moment what it will stand for. Nothing short of the eternal reality at the root of all religions. Never before or since was the voice of prophecy more grandly verified than that which broke upon the slumbering brain of Christopher Columbus saying—"God will cause thy name to be wonderfully resounded through the earth, and will give thee the keys of the gates of the ocean which are closed with strong chains"; and never before nor since has an inspired dream blossomed into such a glorious reality! And now are being gathered up the golden threads of psychical experiences on which are strung the pearls of pure hopes and deathless loves of human life as a garland of moral strength and guarantee of immortality! It is fitting that the editor of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, who has labored so long and earnestly in the interests of scientific spiritualism should stand at the fore front of the movement for its proper presentation at the World's Fair; and it is the duty of every intelligent Spiritualist and psychic world over, to co-operate with the committee for the

highest possible results. Out of a vast amount of reliable data, we want selected only the clearest, best authenticated and most easily condensed facts in a brilliant and commanding way, in proof of the greatest of all human achievement—viz: The solution of the problem of death; the laying of indestructible cables across the abysses of doubt and despair, from earth to regions of life and light eternal!

The very day that our last car-load of fruit was placed safely *en route* (Oct. 19), came a call to the spiritual vineyard; since which time all my Sundays have been occupied, besides a course of week-day lectures on social ethics at San José; and I am engaged for five months to come—February, March and April, in San Francisco, always on an independent platform. I am to give a course of lectures on popular subjects for the benefit of the "King's Daughters" in our neighborhood church (orthodox), in January, and this reminds me of an excellent address by Emma Taylor, at Collins, last year, during which she urged the Spiritualists to unite with all classes of earnest men and women, irrespective of differing religious opinions, in humanitarian work, meet them half way; ignore so far as possible existing prejudices, and so broaden our own usefulness and hasten the time when the old creedal lines of demarcation may melt in the sunlight of sweet charity.

My own experience within the last two years proves that rapid progress is being made toward a better understanding of our spiritual philosophy, and that sectarian bitterness is soon to become a thing of the past. The bold iconoclasm of the last decade has shaken the strongholds of degrading superstitions to their very foundations—every attempt to bolster them up but widens the breach in the tottering walls. The time has come for the building of real houses of God, in human homes, and to cultivate the gracious amenities that shall finally flower into the religion of life, the perfection of character; old words are pregnant with new meanings, Thousands of hungry hearts are being fed and comforted by Spiritualism under other names, and the light of a new day is suffusing the half-unconscious world. A few souls caught the first beams, prophesied the full dawn, and were laughed to scorn; but now that mellow radiance is transfiguring the deepest vale of human tears. Let us look cheerfully about us, do our duty, and as fast as possible plant the old battle-fields with grass and flowers.

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.
"SUNNY BRAE" SARATOGA P. O., CAL.

SLATE-WRITING.

To THE EDITOR: In THE JOURNAL of the 24th of October Mr. W. E. Coleman again attacks the character of Mr. Fred Evans, denouncing him in very strong language, and asserting that "he knows him to be a fraud." Now I would like to say that I have had the pleasure of witnessing slate-writing tests by both Mrs. Francis, and Mr. Evans. Like Mr. Coleman, I can say that I too, saw the pencil move and write, untouched by any visible motive power, and I have now by me a copy of all that came upon the slate, through the mediumship of this lady; and the nature and contents of these written manifestations are strong evidence of being performed by the spirits of those of my friends whose names the pencil wrote in full view above the table, in mid-day. I observe that there are men who dare to doubt even Mr. Coleman's judgment, in regard to the genuineness of the manifestations of slate-writing in the presence of Mrs. Francis; for myself, I have no doubt at all on the subject. There is no way that Mr. Wake, or any other man living, can account for the matter contained in the messages which came on the slate for me. The nature of these messages is the evidence that I accept as final, and which fixes conviction absolutely that the spirit of my mother, my father, my own child, and other friends, did come into my presence and communicate with me through the medium and her control. Mr. Wake may say it was sleight of hand if he pleases, but there is no sleight of tongue that could produce the messages I received; notwithstanding the wonderful things I received and saw in Mrs. Francis' presence; I wish to say here and now, that Mr. Coleman makes statements that I know to be incorrect. Will he explain in what way I was humbugged, and in what manner Mr. Evans perpetrated a fraud on me? I prepared eight slates of my own, more than a mile from Mr. Evans' place, and when I took them into his seance room, I received six messages on

four slates, and Mr. Evans at no time touched or handled any one of these slates, on the frames of which I had written my name, with the day and date of the year, so that I could say to those who would claim that the slates were changed that I knew such was not the case. All these slates I now have by me and neither Mr. Coleman or Mr. Wake can so much as suggest how I was deceived by Mr. Evans. I found in Mr. Evans the most perfect slate-writing medium I ever saw or heard of, and I had all the opportunity that Mr. Coleman ever had to test Mr. Evans as a genuine medium. I have sat with Mr. Evans eight times, and never failed to get the most convincing evidence of spirit presence, and had I let Mr. Evans take the slates into his own hands and write for me, he could not have produced the facts that my spirit friends did for me. There is no living human being who can tell me what my spirit friends did on these slates; and I speak of them as my spirit friends, because they tell me they are present in spirit, they all speak of being present in spirit, and rejoice at the opportunity of communicating with me. Of the six messages mentioned, no two are alike in any particular, and the writing has no similarity at all. Mr. Wake tells Mr. Coleman that even he has been led into error by this designing woman, but I know he has not; I know that Mrs. Francis is a true woman, and a genuine medium, and I am just as capable of judging Mr. Evans as I am of Mrs. F. No doubt that Mr. Coleman will admit what I say with regard to Mrs. Francis; he never had any little trouble with that medium. Will Mr. Coleman explain the way that Mr. Evans writes long messages, between closed states, signing the names thereto of our own father, mother and sister; if he will do this, he will greatly aid Mr. Wake, in proving that all this slate-writing is done by our "Double," and that Mr. Coleman was also humbugged in his seance with Mrs. Francis. If Mr. Coleman will only tell the readers of THE JOURNAL how Mr. Evans does these things, we will all agree that there is no truth in the claims of Spiritualists.

T. J. BURKE.

PASADENA, CAL.

PAUL AND THE OLDER APOSTLES.

To THE EDITOR: An anonymous critic essays to convict me of error in stating that Paul was personally acquainted with the twelve apostles, by quoting Paul's remark that on a certain visit to Jerusalem he only saw Peter and James. I was well aware of this statement of Paul; but it refers only to Paul's first visit to Jerusalem. It is true that Acts ix. 26-29 represents Paul, on his first visit, as being with the disciples and apostles generally for a time; but as this is contradictory to Paul's express affirmation in Galatians, it is regarded as untrue by rational Biblical scholars.

But Galatians II. and Acts xv. tell us of another visit of Paul to Jerusalem, fourteen years later, during which he met the apostles generally. At that time Paul went to Jerusalem to confer with the older apostles to see if some agreement might not be made between them relative to the promulgation of his (Paul's) version of the gospel among the gentiles, which differed widely from the Judaic gospel of the twelve at Jerusalem. Paul says that he then laid before "them" his gospel, and "privately before them" who were of repute." According to the Acts, a general council of the apostles and of the church at Jerusalem was held to discuss the matter; but in many particulars the gospel of Acts is untrustworthy, and it is doubtful if this general gathering took place. Biblical scholars differ as to the portion meant by "them" and "them who were of repute" in Paul's statement. Some think that by "them" is meant the whole church at Jerusalem, including of course all the apostles and that by "them of repute" is meant the twelve apostles, with whom Paul, in private, discussed at greater length the character of his Gentile gospel. Others think that by "them" the twelve are meant, and by "those in repute" is intended the three pillar apostles, James, Cephas (Peter), and John, whom Paul names specially a little further along in the same chapter. In any event, the twelve apostles, or such of them as were at Jerusalem at the time, were met by Paul; and as Jerusalem was the headquarters of the twelve, and they are represented as being at that place continuously, it is very probable that they were all there during this most momentous conference of the apostles.

But in Acts xxi., 17, 20, we have an account of another visit of Paul to Jerusalem,

written in part at least by a companion of Paul. A small part of Acts is marked by the presence of the word "we" in the narrative. This is generally held as being extracts from an itinerary of some one of Paul's companions, perhaps Titus; and so far as it has not been worked over or modified by the compiler of the Acts, it may be considered historical. In this case we read as follows: "And when we were come to Jerusalem the brethren received us gladly. And the day following Paul went with us to James; and all the elders were present." The elders included, of course, all the older apostles then alive.

There is then no doubt that Paul was acquainted with the twelve apostles generally, and I have never seen any doubt of that fact expressed by any rational Biblical scholar. In saying that Paul knew the twelve I used a general expression, not necessarily implying that he knew every one of the twelve individually; what was meant was that he recognized the existence of the twelve as a body of apostles and was acquainted with them generally. It is probable that he knew them all, but that he was acquainted with them generally is beyond rational doubt; and, though Paul may never have seen Jesus in the flesh, his acquaintance with the apostles who had, including Jesus' brothers, and no doubt with others of the early church who had seen Jesus, is proof positive of the historical existence of Jesus as a man.

In confirmation of what I have said about the second visit of Paul to Jerusalem I shall quote from those leading realistic Biblical scientists: F. C. Baur, the founder of the Tübingen school of rationalists; Dr. Otto Pfeider, one of the most eminent of living Biblicists; Dr. Samuel Davidson, and the author of "Supernatural Religion," the two leading English rationalist scholars; and the author of the "Bible for Learners [young people]," Messrs. Oort, Hooyhaas and Kuenen, three leading rationalists of Holland. Pfeider says that Paul, often seeing Peter and James on his first visit, "remained personally unknown to the other apostles and to the community until the journey which he made fourteen years later." ("Paulinism," London, 1877, vol. ii., p. 5), Baur states that Paul "resolved to journey to Jerusalem and to take council with all the members of the church there, and with all the apostles who might be in the city." ("Paul, His Life and Works," London, 1873, vol. i., p. 117), "Supernatural Religion," (London, 1877, vol. iii., p. 234) says: "After fourteen years he . . . again went up to Jerusalem . . . and communicated to them, *i. e.*, to the apostles, the gospel which he preached among the gentiles." Davidson, after speaking of the conference of Paul with the apostles, says: "The twelve left him to follow his own course without hindrance." ("Introduction to New Testament," 2d edition, London, 1882, vol. i., p. 87), "Bible for Young People," (London, 1879, vol. vi., p. 249-252), in referring to the conferences of Paul with the apostles and brethren, several times speaks of "the twelve."

WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

ROSS WINANS' REVENGE.

On one of the leading thoroughfares of Baltimore is a block entirely surrounded with a high brick wall, which tells a story of the somewhat strict virtue of Baltimoreans. Strangers take it to be a penitentiary, but it is not. The high wall is there for the express purpose of keeping the people of Baltimore from seeing the most superb houses and grounds in the city. It is the place built by the eccentric millionaire Ross Winans. When Winans built the house he was glad to have the public look in upon the fountains and statues distributed through the grounds. He had spent a large sum in purchasing in Europe some of the choicest works of art of foreign sculptors and put them in the grounds where the public might enjoy them. But there were some who objected to the nudity of the statues and claimed that they had a demoralizing tendency. Meetings were held and Winans' gardens were denounced. The eccentric old man was greatly wounded at this and he soon had a force of masons at work building a brick wall twenty feet high, which entirely encircles the house and grounds. From that time to this the wall has cut off the Baltimore public from any inspection of the works of art. There have been many efforts to have the wall taken down, as it is very unsightly and in the most populous part of the town. Mayor Latrobe, the common council, and the public repeatedly appealed to Winans and his heirs, but all in vain. The statues have been walled up for years and are likely to remain so.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Womans' Club: A Practical Guide and Handbook. By Olive Thorne Miller. New York: John W. Lowell Company. 1891. pp. 116. Cloth. Price \$1.00.

This book written by a well-known writer is dedicated "To the Women of America," and aims to present, as the author declares: "Not only an interesting account of the variety of ways in which the club idea has developed in our hands, but a practical guide in organizing and running a club successfully, with a working constitution, and many hints and suggestions out of several years experience." From the chapter headings we subjoin a few as indicative of the interesting character and usefulness of the whole work. "The Club idea;" "The Evolution of the Club;" "The Club of Culture;" "Seed-Sowing Clubs;" "The Uplifting Club;" "The Club for Study;" and "A Practical Constitution." While not exhaustive of the topic treated upon, and by no means overrating the value of club life for women, the book is one which should be in every library—and no better or more inspiring Christmas gift could be found for women, even in isolated localities than this which indicates so clearly the wonderful advance in intellectual standing of the women to-day.

Things to Come: Being Essays Toward a Fuller Apprehension of the Christian Idea. London: Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, E. C. 1892. pp. 244.

In this volume are given a number of valuable essays, among which are "Some First Principles of Spiritual Interpretation," by J. W. Farquhar, "Christianity in Medicine," by Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, and "What I Understand by Christo-Theosophy," by Rev. G. W. Allen. The general object of the essays, like that of the society before which they were read (Christo-Theosophical Society), is that there is vastly more in the gospel of Christ when fully understood, than might be supposed by those who know it only as it is usually presented in pulpit utterances and conventional treatises. The views put forth in this volume are worthy of earnest attention.

Mother Goose's Christmas Party. A Dramatic Drama. By Abby Morton Diaz. Chicago: Searle & Gorton. 1891. pp. 32. Paper. Price, 50 cents.

This pretty brochure gives in Mrs. Diaz's imitatively quaint style, familiar to all who have read "The William Henry Letters;" "John Spicer's Lectures" and "Polly Cologne." A charming Christmas play introducing all the characters of "Mother Goose's Melodies" dear to every child and every child-lover. "Mother Goose" and "Mother Hubbard," "The Old Man Clothed all in Leather," "Little Boy Blue," "Jack Sprat," "Tom the Piper's Son," "Three Wise Men of Gotham," "Jack and Gill," "Nimble Dick," "Little Miss Muffet," "Margery Daw," "Little Johnny Green," "Jack Horner," "Simple Simon," "Bopeep" and others as familiar take active and comical parts in this Christmas drama.

Holiday Stories. By Stephen Fiske; Boston; Benj. R. Tucker. 1891. pp. 208. Paper. Price 50 cents.

This is a collection of nine short stories, told apparently by a newspaper man, every one of which is wonderfully true to life, uplifting in purpose, clean and wholesome as to morals, unique in denouement, thoroughly realistic in treatment, and charming in style! A holy-day book, truly!

The Quarterly Register of Current History. Third Quarter 1891. Vol. I, No. 4, is an improvement even on preceding numbers. As the *Evangelical Churchman*, Toronto, Ont. says: "It seems strange that a periodical so useful has never been published before. We have had reviews of magazines and periodical articles, but no exhaustive summary of the contemporary history of the world. It is to supply this want that the *Quarterly Register* has been produced. It will prove of great assistance to political students, politicians, and, indeed all intelligent readers. To the newspaper editor, it is invaluable. A clear idea is given of the world's general progress." Published by the Evening News Association, Detroit, Mich.

"Toys, New and old, with some Notes on Christmas Shopping" and "The Selection of Gifts for Young Children," are among the seasonable subjects discussed in the December number of *Babyhood*. In addition, there are medical articles, by

well-known authorities, on "Biliousness in Children," "Nursery Ventilation and Warming" and "The Care of Delicate Children."

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have issued a calendar for 1892, which is beautiful and unique. A card is devoted to each month, and on this is the picture of a little girl whose dress and appearance are in keeping with the weather, etc., of the month represented. The cards are united by rings to which is attached a little chain. Esthetic as well as useful.

An illustrated sketch of certain "Remarkable Bowlders," by Mr. David A. Wells, is to appear in *The Popular Science Monthly* for January. These immense stones, weighing thousands of tons and found hundreds of miles from their places of origin, give striking testimony to the mighty power of glacial action.

For the first time in many years the December number of *The Century* will have a distinctively Christmas flavor. Its illustrations will include a great number of full-page engravings, among them six of Nativity subjects. The frontispiece is a Holy Family by the young American artist, Frank Vincent Du Mond.

For a number of years past the proprietors of the Ames Plow Works at North Easton, Mass., have been sending *St. Nicholas* to the children of their operatives. It is said that the results have amply justified the expenditure.

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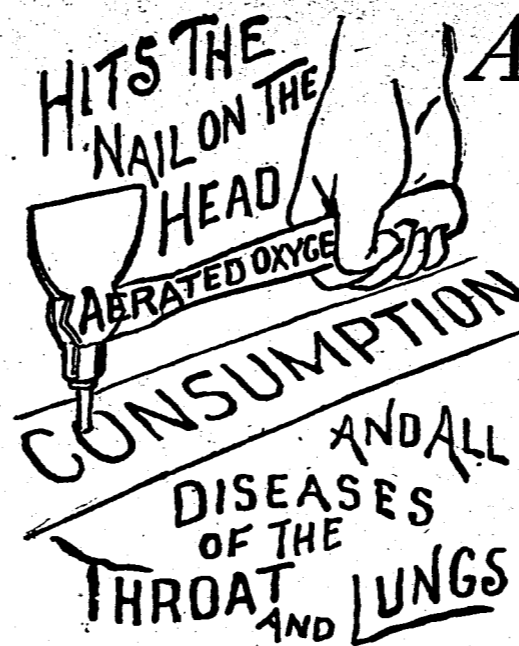
"I believe that Mr. Lincoln was satisfied and convinced that the communications he received through me were wholly independent of my volition," writes Mrs. Maynard (page 91).

Lincoln is quoted as saying: "I am not prepared to describe the intelligence that controls this young girl's organism. She certainly could have no knowledge of the facts communicated to me."

Mrs. Maynard tells a plain, straightforward story and fortifies it with witnesses. That she did hold seances for Mr. Lincoln, and that he was strongly impressed by what he saw and heard no intelligent purpose can doubt, after reading this book. The publisher declares that he has not spared care, research or expense in verifying Mrs. Maynard's story before publishing the book; and he publicly declares that he "stakes his reputation on the validity of its contents."

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Starting forth on life's rough way. Father, guide them; Oh, we know of what of harm May betide them!

When in prayer they cry to thee, Do thou hear them; From the stains of sin and shame Do thou clear them;

Unto thee we give them up; Lord, receive them. In the world we know must be Much to grieve them—

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Gracie goes to the kindergarten. One Sunday the teacher, whose name is Rogers, called and invited her to go to church with her.

"What was the text, Gracie?" asked papa at dinner.

"I came not to call the Rogers (righteous, the correct reading is, but the measles have left Gracie with impaired hearing), but sinners, to repentance, and I guess Miss Rogers was awful stuck up 'cause the minister preached a text about her."

Daisy's father is a clergyman, and never neglects the ceremony of grace before meat. One day Daisy assembled her three French and two rag dolls for a feast, and, mindful of her father's custom, reverently uttered what she considered an appropriate grace: "O Lord, bless this food and made these dollies truly eat it up and not leave it on their plates the way they did at Julia's party, and make them good little girls, like mamma's children. Amen."

An old man was on the witness stand and was being cross-examined by the lawyer.

"You say you are a doctor, sir?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir."

"What kind of a doctor?"

"I make intments, sir. I make intments."

"What's your ointment good for?"

"It's good to rub on the head to strengthen the mind."

"What effect would it have if you were to rub some of it on my head?"

"None at all, sir; none at all. We must have something to start with."

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Mabel, a very circumspect and conscientious young maiden of four, was sent into the parlor to entertain a caller for a few minutes until her mother could appear.

The conversation drifted to Mabel's intellectual acquirements, and the visitor asked, "And do you know the alphabet, Mabel?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, will you say it for me?"

Mabel began very glibly, but after three or four letters she stopped abruptly and said; "If you please, ma'am, I guess I'd better not."

"Why?" asked the other in surprise. "What makes you think you had better not?"

"Cause," replied this exceptionally discreet young woman, "that's about all I know, and mamma says I-m-usn't tell all I know."

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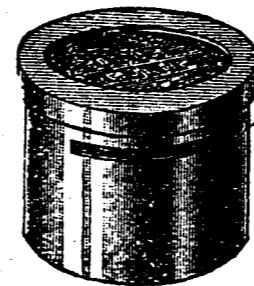
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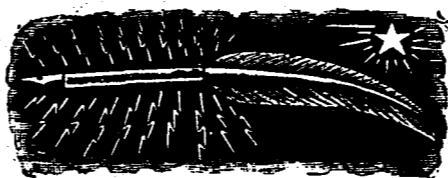
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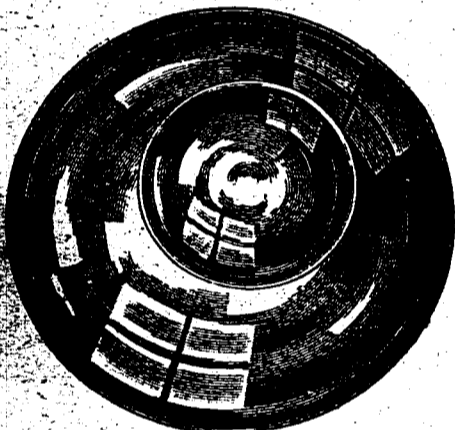
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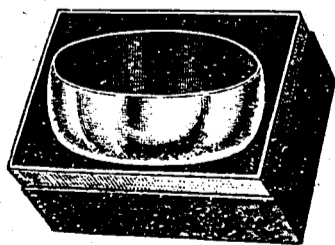
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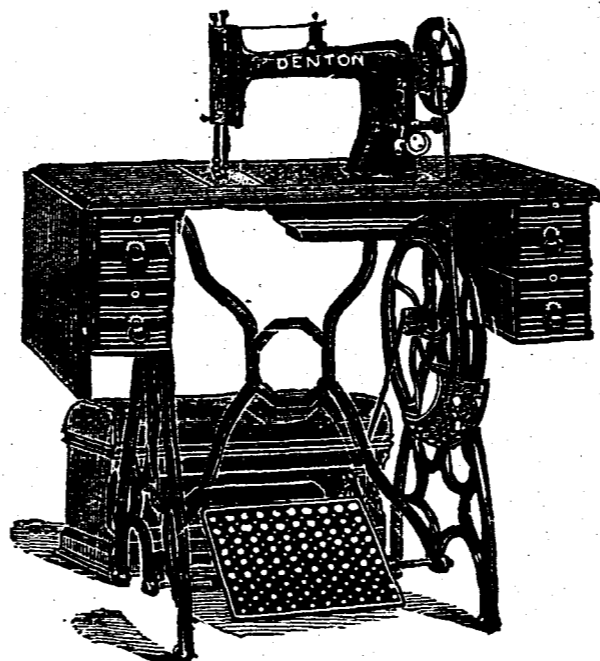
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"THE DENTON."

There is not a Spiritualist, psychical researcher, or rational free-thinker in America it is safe to say, to whom the name of William Denton is not familiar. His researches in physical and psychical science, his voluminous writings, his public lectures through a long term of years, his great ability and splendid character, and last of all his death among the black savages of New Guinea, where he had gone in pursuit of his scientific purposes, combined to fix his name indelibly in the minds of this generation. The good he did will be felt by generations yet unborn. William Denton was an able, honest, tireless, fearless man. He was the staunch advocate of religious liberty, a consistent Spiritualist, and a warm, outspoken friend of the RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

In casting about for a name to give the sewing machine which I offer in my advertising columns as a premium, it seemed to me none other was, on the whole, quite so fitting and appropriate as that of Denton. The man was honest, efficient, and true as the finest tempered steel. He was the friend and helper of the worthy and industrious, whether in high station or low. He never entered a home circle, that he did not better it. With knapsack and hammer he could range through the wilds of the great West, gathering stores of knowledge from the strange geological formations. Again, dressed in broadcloth he could appear in the drawing-room or on the rostrum, the peer of his contemporaries in keen wit, incisive logic and beauty of oratory. Anywhere and everywhere within the scope of his field he was a leader. Democratic in every fibre of his being, neither clannish nor exclusive; ever as ready to befriend the rich as the poor, recognizing no distinctions of caste or color, Denton belonged to the whole world.

I believe I have a sewing machine which in so far as it is possible symbolizes the character of Denton, and consequently that it may appropriately be honored with his name.

In looking over the prolific offerings for premium purposes nothing seemed more appropriate than a sewing machine. I have long believed that every step bringing the consumer nearer to the manufacturer was an advantage for all. Upon investigation I found to my surprise that enterprising manufacturers were of the same mind. There is no good reason why the buyer of a sewing machine should be taxed for the rent of expensive stores, salaries of high-priced canvassers and the lavish outlay for expenses incident to the retail business, in this at least. The machine I offer for \$20 is equal in every particular and costs as much to make as those which are retailed at from \$40 to \$50. The difference in price represents the retailer's profits and costs of doing business. I believe it will be only a few years before the distribution of sewing machines will be done almost entirely by newspaper publishers. They will do it at small expense and not for profit on the business, but to stimulate and increase their circulation, and as a matter of courtesy and reciprocity.

Spiritualism is in its broad definition the philosophy and science of life. Hence it has to do with material things, with all that tends to lessen labor and give the race more time for intellectual and spiritual culture and more money to help the less fortunate. I don't go quite as far as did the man at a Spiritualist grove-meeting over in Indiana a few years ago who in-

sisted upon occupying the rostrum to set forth the merits of his fanning mill. He argued that clean wheat was necessary to make good flour; good flour was essential for good health; and good health tended to good morals and higher spirituality; and therefore he was in order as a speaker. While there was force in his argument of itself, the managers of the meeting were quite right in declining to allow him to do missionary work for revenue on their platform. As an editor I should deem it in bad form to use my editorial columns for this very practical method of utilizing Spiritualism as a lever to lift a sewing machine into view, but as a publisher who knows that without the support of the counting room all his work would come to naught in short order, he feels fully justified in broaching this utilitarian side of Spiritualism.

I hope readers directly or indirectly interested will read the advertisement on another page—and then set about securing machines for themselves or their friends. I know of one publisher who disposed of 3,000 in one year. Help me to say that I have done as much in one year from Christmas, 1892.

HOW SPIRITUALISTS VIEW DEATH.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Rathbun of New York City, are known to a majority of the Spiritualists of that city and to hundreds scattered through New England. Their beautiful home at Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York, is a favorite resort for those who find opportunity. Mr. Rathbun grew up from boyhood in the Spiritualist philosophy and is one of the best examples of its broadening and elevating influences within our knowledge. In a business letter under date of December 11, he refers so beautifully to the death of a dear one that we are moved to share the paragraph with our readers. Mr. Rathbun writes:

"... We celebrated our dear mother's birth to the Higher Life on Saturday last. She was 85. Was confined to her bed but a day, and sweetly and peacefully passed in her slumber to those dear ones gone before, who no doubt were anxiously awaiting the transition. Always a sunbeam, always so beautiful and angelic in her nature, we feel she will need but little to make her a 'shining one'; fit presence for the noblest and the best. While we shall miss the form so much, still, we cannot mourn because we know her bright spirit will be with us to shed the radiance of her love in our sweeter moments."

Hon. D. Harry Hammer, of this city, and one of the committee of the Psychical Science Congress, sailed for Liverpool this week, to join Mrs. Hammer, who has been abroad for a year. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hammer are deeply interested in psychical research, and will, during the coming year, actively interest themselves in promoting the welfare of the proposed congress.

Mr. W. J. Rand, lessee of Conservatory Hall, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes that Mrs. Adar Foye is engaged for December and January, and that thus far her tests have all been recognized.

Miss Julia A. Ames, associate editor of the *Union Signal*, of Chicago, the official organ of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, died last week at the Homoeopathic hospital in Boston, of typhoid pneumonia. Miss Ames, who was one of the most faithful of W. C. T. U. workers, held the position of superintendent of the press department of the National W. C. T. U., and as such was in correspondence with hundreds of women all over the country.

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